

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 23, 1973

TIME



Superior
General
Pedro Arrupe

The Jesuits

Catholicism's Troubled Front Line



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"10,000 feet up in the Rockies is no place to get stuck. That's one reason we chose the Ford Maverick 200 CID engine."

Blaine B. Rich, Gen. Mgr., Logan Div., Thiokol Chemical Corp.

Maverick is no ordinary car and we want everybody to know it.

Dependability: The Engine.

The standard engine we put into Maverick is a 200 CID six.

It is so well known for dependability, several independent manufacturers now buy it from us to install in the heavy-duty equipment they make.

The Thiokol Spryte snow tractor (right), for example, has to be able to perform reliably in sub-zero temperatures, high up on the ski slopes. It uses the Maverick engine.

Surprisingly Low Price

Our four-door Maverick seats five adults.

This year, the seats are more comfortable than ever before. There's carpeting throughout. The ride is remarkably smooth and quiet.

In addition to the 200 CID six, you can specify the optional 250 CID six or 302 CID V-8. Many other options are available.

In short, Maverick is one small car you wouldn't hesitate to use as your full-time family car.

Yet sticker prices start at \$2,248, not including destination charges, dealer preparation, title or taxes.



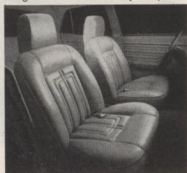
The Thiokol Spryte snow tractor at work on the slopes at Vail, Colo. It uses the basic 200 CID engine standard on Ford Maverick.

Luxury, Too.

You can also own Maverick with our Luxury Decor Option.

It has deeply-padded individual reclining seats, thick cut-pile carpeting, steel-belted white sidewall radial-ply tires, vinyl roof, many fine details.

We think of it as about the closest thing to an American luxury compact.



Maverick with Luxury Decor Option: individual reclining seats, cut-pile carpeting, much more.

Preferred by Car & Driver.

In fact, *Car & Driver* magazine recently compared this Maverick to several imported compacts.

The results: Maverick with Luxury Decor Option preferred to Volvo, to Audi, to Saab, to Peugeot.

At Your Ford Dealer's.

We could tell you a lot more. But we don't know many cars that can speak for themselves better than Maverick.

Ask for a test drive.

Better idea for safety... buckle up!



2-door. Shown with Luxury Decor Option

Grabber. Shown with deluxe bumper group, high-back bucket seats, forged aluminum wheels.

4-door. Shown with optional Exterior Decor Group, bumper guards, white sidewall tires, vinyl roof.

FORD MAVERICK

FORD DIVISION



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS a Methodist student preparing for the ministry at Duke University's divinity school some years ago, Wilton Wynn never dreamed that he would become a regular visitor to Vatican City. But he abandoned his theological career, became a journalist and for the past eleven years has been a TIME correspondent in Rome. Thus, as he has been so many times in the past, Wynn was recently at the Vatican, this time to interview Jesuit Leader Father Pedro Arrupe for this week's cover story on the Jesuits, Catholicism's most visible and versatile order of priests.

Wynn and Father Arrupe first met at Arrupe's office in the Jesuit Curia building, where the Jesuit superior general interrupts interviews to answer his own phone and otherwise shows little patience with pomp and ceremony. Just outside the office, Wynn noticed a small green cushion. That, Arrupe told him, was where he sits to pray in Zen Buddhist style, a habit he picked up while serving for 27 years as a missionary in Japan. "When we send a man to China,"

JEHANGIR GAZDAR—WOODFIN CAMP ASSOCIATES



SHEPHERD & INDIAN JESUIT

he becomes a Chinaman," explained Arrupe. "When we send him to India, he becomes an Indian."

That was what a score of other TIME correspondents also discovered as they sought out members of Arrupe's 31,000-man Jesuit army at locations from Hong Kong to California. In India, New Delhi Correspondent James Shepherd interviewed one Jesuit while they both sat in the yoga lotus position on prayer mats. Others were clad in Indian robes, sandals,

and sported swami beards. In Berkeley, TIME's Lois Armstrong found that the priests could also adapt easily to the Californian way of life. For their weekly cocktail party at the Jesuit School of Theology, they donned sports shirts and slacks. Brought up in a Lutheran parsonage, she was delighted to find the Jesuits "open, talkative, thoughtful, critical, probing, interesting to a man—and not at all secretive."

Correspondent Burton Pines visited Jesuit universities throughout the Midwest. There, young priests in turtle-necks and Levi's discussed their concern with the order's role in the secular community, while older priests, sitting in book-cluttered offices, worried over the relaxation of Jesuit discipline. "Most were delightfully irreverent toward the papacy and church hierarchy," reports Pines. "Their intellectual self-confidence, plus their legendary commitment to logical, rational thought, made every conversation with the Jesuits a heady trip, leaving me with a genuine high."

The cover story was written by Religion Editor Mayo Mohs and edited by Associate Editor Lance Morrow. A graduate of Xavier University in Cincinnati before joining TIME in 1966, Mohs taught at Loyola High School in Los Angeles. Both are Jesuit institutions.

Ralph P. Davidson

INDEX

TIME SERIES: Second Thoughts About Man—IV 83

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|-------------|
| Cover Story 40 | Education 56 | Press 70 |
| Color 59, 89 | Law 39 | Religion 40 |
| | Letters 8 | Sexes 104 |
| Art 88 | Medicine 55 | Science 83 |
| Books 98 | Milestones 80 | Space 58 |
| Cinema 65 | Music 103 | Sport 63 |
| Economy | Nation 10 | Theater 96 |
| & Business 71 | People 34 | World 19 |

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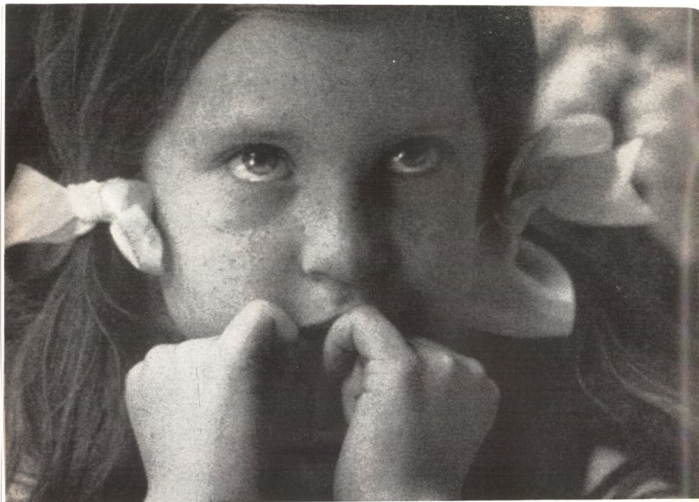
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| | 11:55 a.m. (Sat. only) | 5:18 p.m. | 6:29 p.m. |
| | 12:25 p.m. | — | 9:30 p.m. |
| Des Moines | 2:15 p.m. | 9:19 p.m. | — |
| | 8:05 a.m. | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
| Detroit | 8:00 a.m. (Ex. Sun.) | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
| | 1:30 p.m. | 9:19 p.m. | — |
| Kansas City | 8:10 a.m. | — | 1:20 p.m. |
| | 10:40 a.m. | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
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| | 10:15 a.m. | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
| Minneapolis-St. Paul | 1:10 p.m. (Sat. only) | 5:18 p.m. | 6:29 p.m. |
| | 1:10 p.m. | 9:19 p.m. | 9:30 p.m. |
| | 9:00 a.m. | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
| Nashville | 11:00 a.m. (Sat. only) | 5:18 p.m. | 6:29 p.m. |
| | 3:15 p.m. | 9:19 p.m. | — |
| Omaha | 9:05 a.m. | 2:53 p.m. | 3:06 p.m. |
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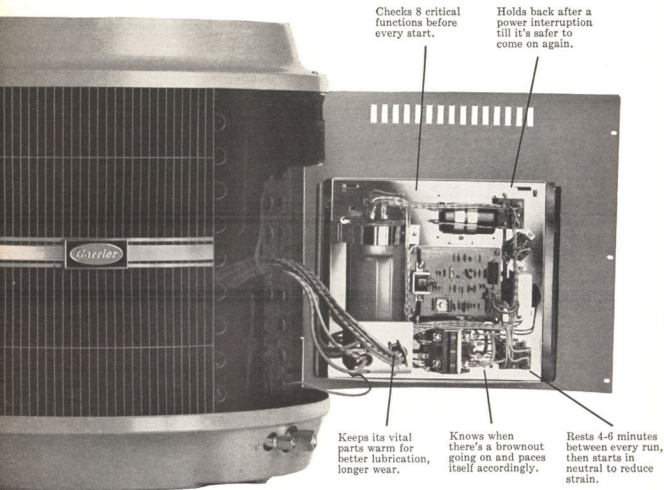
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LETTERS

Second Thoughts About Man

Sir / The "Rediscovery of Human Nature" [April 2] is without doubt one of your best post-Luce efforts. A better treatment of a conservative philosophy of human nature will be hard to find. Congratulations!

DWAYNE S. ROGERS
Buenos Aires

Sir / Camelot is now replaced by a wintry landscape where man's social ills are resolved by the simple application of euphemisms (e.g., "benign neglect"). Could it then be that the political climate not only reflects but also generates the aspirations of a given era?

At least the best and the brightest gave rise to optimism!

DANIEL J. WELTE
Esopus, N.Y.

Sir / Nowhere in Behaviorist B.F. Skinner's voluminous writings does he give evidence of an inability to effectively discriminate between man and rat. However, Skinner and his distinguished students have amassed data that strongly suggest that many of the same principles that parsimoniously explain and govern the behavior of certain animal species, under carefully specified conditions, are also true of human behavior. And for devoting himself to such demanding, yet valuable objectives, he should be scorned? For shame.

KENNETH N. ANCHOR, PH.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychology
George Peabody College for Teachers
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir / As a psychologist I have confronted the fact that even with all the support and warmth I offered my patients, when they came face to face with moments of crisis in which they questioned the meaning of their existence and their significance in this world, they were all too often left with despair, loneliness and fear. However, it was when I developed a system of spiritual therapeutic techniques that I began to see real progress in my patients, for it is only when man can see himself as one and at peace with the universe that he can overcome his feelings of despair about life and his terror of death.

MIRIAM ADAHAN
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / Modernity suffers from amnesia. It has been torn from its ontological roots by the "debunking sciences": sociology, psychology, and the behavioral sciences, and cannot remember its origins. Rollo May's "third force," an attempt at remembrance, is, in reality, a reflection of the first force of Western civilization, love and the pursuit of wisdom.

"Modern" man, if he is to make sense about himself and the world he lives in, should look not only forward to the possibilities of 1984 but must look back and remember what A.D. 1 represents.

JOHN D. MEEHAN
Professor of Philosophy
Westwood Academy
Manchester, N.H.

Ambush at Hollywood Gulch

Sir / The Great Spirit, Godfather to all the red men, has spoken. In a well-planned ambush at Hollywood Gulch he tomahawked Oscar, but it was accomplished in a most un-Indian-like manner. While Great Chief Brando [April 9] skulked in the surrounding

mosquito, he dispatched a young squaw to the paleface council, carrying the war lance. Tomo would have been more courageous than that, Ugh.

JACK SHINSKE
Chicago

Sir / Marlon Brando deserves praise for placing more importance on the plight of the Indian than on the much sought after Oscar.

DAVID HOWARD
Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Sir / As a second-generation Italian American, I would suggest that Marlon Brando return the money he received from acting in *The Godfather* because of the great injustice it did to the American Wop.

RICHARD P. MASSONY
Covington, La.

Sir / It is funny that Marlon Brando can get so incensed about the movie industry's portrayal of the American Indian, and yet he himself does not balk at contributing to the degradation of women in movies.

WINIFRED O'DONNELL
Pennsauken, N.J.

A New Dependence

Sir / Your Arabian oil story seems to imply that 200 years after gaining independence from King George III of England we now will become dependent on the King of Saudi Arabia [April 2].

I think our energy needs are too important to be left to the whims of Libya's Dictator Gaddafi and to the greed of the oil companies. We need a sound Government policy regulating energy supply and demand in such a way as not to ruin our economy and not to lose our national independence to Arabian desert kings.

MAX WEISSENBURG
Fairfax, Calif.

Sir / If the Arab leaders can find no greater purpose in life for their 100 million people and \$10 billion oil income than the destruction of the tiny nation of Israel, they are to be pitied.

ANDREAS BARDIN
Wilmington, Del.

Sir / How sad that the world is just waking up to that new "problem." For centuries the Arabs have been "ignored and abused." They are portrayed in the West as backward, nay primitive.

Let us hope that their newly uncovered wealth will bring the Arabs to an era of greatness and that they will give the West yet another lesson in tolerance and respect for alien cultures. But should the thirst for revenge blind them to their glorious past, we know who takes the blame for it.

Let us hope that their newly uncovered wealth will bring the Arabs to an era of greatness and that they will give the West yet another lesson in tolerance and respect for alien cultures. But should the thirst for revenge blind them to their glorious past, we know who takes the blame for it.

Neurology Dept.
Strong Memorial Hospital
Rochester

Nowhere to Turn

Sir / Mr. Nixon and all his little aides scurry about the White House corridors fearing that the truth about Watergate will out. And Congress delights in its opportunity to regain strength from the Executive Branch.

But meanwhile, what about the poor American people? Numbled by the scandals, worn rhetoric, and unfulfilled promises of relief, the American people have

nowhere left to turn but against each other, as the women take to the streets to boycott the farmers.

LESTER M. HADDAD, M.D.
Arlington, Va.

Sir / The Nixon Administration should think twice before continuing its efforts to dismantle the insanity defense. Before the Watergate scandal is over, they may need it.

MARTIN BLINDER, M.D.
San Anselmo, Calif.

Sir / The stiff sentences meted out to the Watergate interlopers should not be too surprising. If the defendants had worn long hair and bombed the place, they might have drawn only three- to five-year terms. With a few feathers in their hair, they might even have received fare to leave town.

JAMES HALL
Racine, Wis.

The Give-It-a-Go Prime Minister

Sir / To my mind, your reporting on Australia [March 26] was pretty accurate, but I cannot accept your patronizing comment that Australia used to be just a biddable child. Australians are pretty easygoing, but we do have the intelligence, when we think affairs have gone far enough, to elect ourselves a "give-it-a-go" Prime Minister without Watergate. I. T. T. or Frank Sinatra.

(MRS.) HAMER E. WALLIS
Darwin, Australia

The Rape of Antiquities

Sir / As archaeologists currently engaged in research in the Near East, we were extremely gratified by your strong condemnation of the illicit antiquities trade [March 26]. You neglected, however, to single out perhaps the most flagrant offenders—people in dip-

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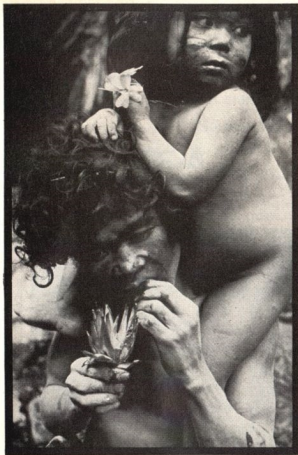
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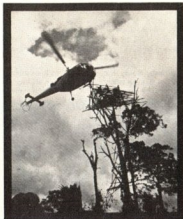
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John Launois had a once-in-a-lifetime chance to photograph the Tasaday people, a "lost" stone age tribe in the Philippines. He was on an expedition to visit these cave-dwellers, who had been isolated from the world... perhaps for as long as 2,000 years.

The Tasaday live in a remote region of Mindanao Island—so inaccessible that to get there, Launois actually had to jump from a helicopter onto a platform on top of a 60 foot tree! He was the only photographer on the expedition, there'd be no chance to reshoot. His cameras had to be totally rugged and reliable. He chose Nikon. And only Nikon. The results tell the story.



Most people won't get even a first chance to photograph the Tasaday. But if photography's important to you, someday, somewhere, you're going to see the photograph of your lifetime. Then you'll need a Nikon. Because you can depend on it to work in any extreme of cold, heat, humidity or lack of it. Or just for the feeling of confidence Nikon will give you. Over 40 superb Nikkor Lenses—unapproached in sharpness, number and originality—and the most complete system in all of 35mm photography, let you do anything that's photographically possible.

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LETTERS

omatic positions with access to "unsearchable" means of shipment. Here on Cyprus, for example, greater damage to the island's heritage is caused by the rapacity of both foreign diplomatic staff and United Nations forces in a single week than by an entire year's tourist trade.

ALFRED AND SUSAN KROMHOLZ
Kyrenia, Cyprus

Sir / Your article on the antiquities racket ignores one of the major causes of it: the governments who make it illegal to export antiquities.

As with Prohibition, the laws don't lessen the demand, but they do limit suppliers to those willing to violate the law. Antiquities should be regarded as natural resources, to be exported to those that value them highly. Give the discoverer a percentage for finding the antiquities, set up some minimal requirements for the sake of archaeology and make exporting routine.

DAVID CARL ARGALL
La Puente, Calif.

Sir / I was astonished to read that Napoleon had ransacked the antiquities of Egypt for the Louvre. It would have been difficult for him to do so. As everyone knows, he slipped out of the country in a small frigate with just a few followers, carefully concealing his departure from the rest of the expeditionary force. The latter would not have been in a better position to bring back any loot, as they made the trip on British ships after capitulation. What they might have gathered—including the famous Rosetta Stone—eventually found its way to the British Museum.

G. DE BERTIER
Professor of History
Institut Catholique
Paris

Non-Support

Sir / In your story on the P.O.W.s [March 19] you said that as a newly returned prisoner of war, Colonel Robinson Risner had even talked all of his children into supporting President Nixon, although they all had supported Senator McGovern in the presidential campaign. I am Colonel Risner's oldest son, and I do not now support, nor have I ever supported President Nixon.

When Senator McGovern campaigned in Oklahoma City last summer, I explained in his presence that I believed President Nixon had failed at any attempt to end the war and free the prisoners; and that I believed Senator McGovern was sincere in his efforts to end the war and bring the prisoners home.

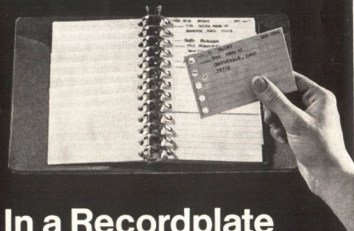
ROB RISNER
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AMERICAN NOTES

The Edge of Night

Restlessly computing and quantifying, weighing and rationalizing, man is forever trying to take the measure of the universe. Now Astronomer Allan R. Sandage of the Hale Observatories in Pasadena, Calif., proclaims that he and his colleagues elsewhere in the U.S. may have finally done just that. They have, he said, apparently seen "the edge" of the universe.

The argument goes like this: quasars, which are small, starlike objects, apparently shine more brightly than any other celestial bodies; the most distant quasar known to man, more than 12 billion light years away, appears so luminous to the astronomer's telescope that even more distant quasars, though less bright, should also be visible. Because astronomers do not see anything further, Sandage argues that the universe must be finite rather than infinite. And beyond that edge astronomers say there is nothing at all because, in the Delphic tongue of science, space at that distance falls back on itself.

The notion of infinity was conceived, as was the zero, by the Eastern mind. Yet it seems a peculiarly Western need to determine the indeterminate. Scottish Essayist Thomas Carlyle once noted that man must "always worship something—always see the Infinite shadowed forth in something finite." At the moment, the something worshipped

is science, and the something finite is quasar OH471, the blaze marking the edge of the universe. But before the poetic notion of infinity is crushed between the calipers of science, it is best to remember that quasars were discovered only a decade ago. More probably, what astronomers are really viewing is precisely what they have always viewed—the edge of their own vision.

Operation Brownout

It is fashionable to talk about the need to cut back sharply or even ration the use of energy—but what would that really be like? As both an experiment and a symbol, Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson encouraged the 7,500 citizens of Burlington to dim their lights, turn down their thermostats and curb their cars for two days last week. The aim: to make Burlington "Energy Conservation City, U.S.A."

The outcome was disillusioning. A blizzard dumped nine inches of snow on the town, fanning the fires under furnaces and lighting up TV screens like so many firecrackers (schools were closed, and the kids had to do something). Few people were in the mood for walking or bicycling, and cars glutted downtown streets.

Ten families volunteered to use only half of their normal rate—that is, to return to average 1950 energy levels, occasionally with the help of kerosene lamps and charcoal grills. The Dennis Boyles and their four children had to

turn down the heat from 72° to 65° on the first floor of their house, shut off the second floor, unplug electric clocks, radios and the refrigerator, turn off most lights and eat cold meals. As Mrs. Boyle put it, "What if we really had to live this way?" Even Mark Boyle, 17, an ecology buff, concluded that "this is just not practical. How long can a family go on like this?" In view of the trouble that Burlington had in trimming its energy wick back for two days, the question more properly is: How long can the country go on without taking some sensible steps to prevent energy waste and develop new sources?

Acupuncture in Nevada

The Nevada state legislature last week became the first in the nation to declare traditional Chinese medicine "a learned profession." By nearly unanimous vote, the lawmakers legalized acupuncture, herbal medicine and other Chinese practices. What sold them was neither Nixonian *détente* nor the thoughts of Mao, but a free Chinese clinic that, by special permission, was opened for three weeks across from the statehouse in Carson City.

Half of Nevada's 60 lawmakers have put themselves under the needles of one Lok Yee-kung. There have been several claimed cures and even more conversions. Assemblyman Robert Hal Smith reported that his 20-year sinus condition disappeared after needles were stuck in his forehead and alongside his nose. Equally as gratifying to his wife, the treatment silenced his snoring. Another legislator said that he had been cured of the pain of a childhood knee injury, and a third claimed to have been relieved—though only temporarily—of a number of leg ailments. Scores of constituents begged their representatives to get appointments for them at the clinic. Said one legislator's secretary: "It looked like a little Lourdes around here."

Skeptics questioned the propriety of legislators accepting free treatment and noted that the clinic—and a hard lobbying effort for the legalization bill—had been organized by the so-called American Society of Acupuncture, a corporation that stands to earn pin money if Governor Mike O'Callaghan signs the bill. Justifying the freebie treatments, Senator William Raggio explained: "None of us knew much about this thing, and we supposed this was the best way to find out." It is refreshing to know that even legislators in Nevada check the deck before dealing.

15TH CENTURY GERMAN WOODCUT DEPICTING PHILOSOPHER'S CONCEPT OF THE UNIVERSE





ATTORNEY GENERAL KLEINDIENST EXPLAINING ADMINISTRATION'S STAND ON EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE IN CAPITOL HEARING

MIKE LIEN—THE NEW YORK TIMES

THE CONGRESS

Rising Emotions Over Money and Secrecy

"Frightening."
"Contemptuous."
"Amazingly arrogant."

THOSE sharp words from Senators and Congressmen reflected the rising emotions in Washington as the Administration and the Congress held fast to their collision course over Richard Nixon's drive to expand the power of his presidency. At issue were two quite distinct matters: 1) Nixon's determination to decide how federal tax money will be spent, and 2) his desire to protect the entire Executive Branch against congressional scrutiny. More specifically, the latter argument centered on his attempt to keep all White House officials, past or present, from being publicly grilled about the Watergate political espionage scandal.

Last week Attorney General Richard Kleindienst expanded even further the President's already unprecedented claim for Executive privilege. Testifying before an unusual joint hearing by three House and Senate subcommittees, Kleindienst asserted that Congress has no power to hear from any one of the 2,500,000 federal employees if it subpoenas him and the President tells him not to appear. The Attorney General insisted that the doctrine involved "an enduring constitutional value" extending almost back to the Constitution's birth. But as Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie, keeping his short temper carefully in check, asked for legal precedents and a more precise history of the doctrine, Kleindienst turned vague and sarcastic, referring to Muskie's "piercing questions."

Asked the incredulous Muskie: "The Congress has no power at all to command testimony from the Executive departments?" Replied Klein-

dienst: "If the President of the United States so directs."

Muskie: "Do we have the right to command you to testify against the will of the President?"

Kleindienst: "If the President directs me not to appear, I am not going to appear."

Muskie: "Does that apply to every appointee of the Executive Branch?"

Kleindienst: "I'd have to say that is correct."

If Congress does not like that situation, Kleindienst added, it can always "cut off our funds, abolish most of what we can do or impeach the President." But, asked North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin, how could the President be impeached if no one in the Executive Branch could be compelled to testify or supply evidence in the impeachment proceedings? Answered Kleindienst, in an amazing interpretation of proper legal procedure: "You don't need facts to impeach a President."

Some Senators were outraged. "I've never heard anybody talk like that before," fumed Arkansas Democrat J.W. Fulbright. "He seemed to be taunting us. He implied that we are a bunch of boobs." Muskie termed Kleindienst's theory "an unprecedented and frightening claim of the scope of the President's power." A House Republican leader took the unusual step of appearing before the Senate subcommittees to assail Kleindienst's testimony. Illinois' John B. Anderson, chairman of the House Republican Conference, charged that Kleindienst was "provocative and contemptuous of Congress" and that his views "border on contempt for the established law of the land." Pennsylvania's Democratic Congressman William Moorehead testified, too, calling Klein-

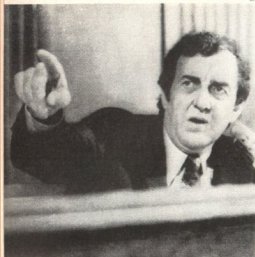
dienst "amazingly arrogant" and his views "monarchical or totalitarian."

Harvard Law Historian Raoul Berger told the hearing that Executive privilege is "a myth" with no precedent in English parliamentary procedure or in the Constitution and that Congress is "the highest grand jury in the land" with power to call anyone before it. The Administration was treating Congress "like office boys," he said, adding: "You'll be treated that way until you stand up on your hind legs and kick them in the slats."

Hovering over the hearings was the fight over whether Ervin's select Senate committee can force White House

"Fire, er, one..."





SENATOR MUSKIE AT HEARING
Outrage and incredulity.

aides to testify publicly on the Watergate affair. Negotiations to try to break the impasse on this issue were under way between the committee and the White House, but there was no indication of how the matter might be compromised.

Republicans continued to complain that the President's failure to reveal whatever he or his aides know about that wiretapping operation was seriously hurting the party. With the kind of vehemence he normally directs at Democrats and liberals, Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater complained: "The Watergate. The Watergate. It's beginning to be like Teapot Dome. There's a smell to it. Let's get rid of the smell." The issue, he told the *Christian Science Monitor*, gets down to "Can you trust Dick Nixon?" Later Anne Armstrong, Counsellor to President Nixon, told a group of Washington newsmen that she agreed with Goldwater's claim that Watergate was hurting fund-raising efforts by the Republican National Committee and could hamper G.O.P. candidates in the 1974 elections.

Despite all this furor, the President was making gains on another front. He was winning his battle with Congress over budget priorities. Last week the House, by the wide margin of 51 votes, failed to override a bill that Nixon had vetoed on grounds that it was inflationary—the second such failure in two weeks. The bill would have required the Secretary of Agriculture to spend \$120 million previously appropriated by Congress to finance water and sewer systems in rural areas. Noting that the sewer bill had originally passed the House 297 to 54 and that 80 Republicans had switched their votes to sustain the veto, House Speaker Carl Albert complained: "I've never seen a President who had so many people tamed, like puppy dogs on a chain."

Neither side in the budget battle could claim any adherence to lofty prin-

ciples, however. Under congressional pressure, the Administration reversed itself and agreed to release some \$415 million in aid to school districts that have large numbers of federal employees, including servicemen, living in them. Some of these districts are relatively wealthy, and every President since Dwight Eisenhower has tried to cut this program.

Nixon was not doing well in the courts on either his claim that he can end programs initiated by Congress or that he can refuse to spend money authorized by it. Federal Judge William B. Jones ruled in a Washington district court that the Administration's dismantling of the Office of Economic Opportunity was "unauthorized by law, illegal and in excess of statutory authority." The President has no power, said the judge, "to refuse to execute laws passed by Congress with which he disagrees." The ruling, important in enunciating a principle, may have no practical effect because the agency has already been severely curtailed, and Nixon will probably refuse to revive it even if Congress appropriates more money after OEO's funds run out in June.

This decision was similar to that of a three-judge Court of Appeals panel in Missouri, which decided two weeks ago that Nixon had no authority to refuse to spend money appropriated by Congress for highway construction on such "remote and unrelated" grounds as the need to check inflation. The Administration can appeal this unfavorable decision but might follow the court order to spend the money rather than risk a possible broader ruling against impoundment by the U.S. Supreme Court.

While the court skirmishes continued, Congress took a first and far more fundamental step to gain a greater influence over the budget, and thus over national spending priorities. A special Senate and House study group recom-

mended that each body of Congress form its own budget committee to set overall spending limits at the beginning of each session and to allocate funds for specific purposes within that limit. The committees would also set tax rates to pay for the programs or determine what kind of budget imbalance would be permitted. Most important, these committees would be served by a joint staff that could analyze or counter the budget data and recommendations of the massively equipped Executive departments and the White House-based Office of Management and Budget. Since these new committees would curtail the independence of many powerful committee chairmen, intense debate is expected when Congress considers the reforms later this year. Yet some such attempt to control its own spending and taxing procedures is needed if Congress expects to seriously challenge the President's so far successful attempt to seize greater control over the federal purse.

The Tariff Trade-Off

As if he were not already embroiled with Congress on enough issues involving Executive power, President Nixon last week sent to Capitol Hill a bill that would transfer to the White House much of the authority that Congress traditionally has exercised over U.S. trade policy. If it passes, the President, acting on his own, could:

- Raise or lower tariffs on Japanese cameras, German cars or almost any other foreign goods.
- Impose quotas on foreign goods—Italian shoes, for example—in order to protect an import-threatened American industry.
- Order a temporary surcharge on imports from countries that run a persistent surplus in trade with the U.S.
- Decree that goods from Communist countries be let into the U.S. under tariffs no higher than those levied against the merchandise of America's traditional trading partners.

Nixon argues persuasively that he needs the new power in order to negotiate from strength at world-trade talks beginning in September. He will get an argument from protectionist Congressmen who want to require, rather than merely permit, higher tariffs or quotas on imports that threaten the prosperity of U.S. industries. The President prudently proposed to give Congress a veto over the way he might exercise many of the new trade powers that he is requesting. In a typical example, if he decided to grant "most-favored-nation" tariff status to imports from the Soviet Union, either House or Senate could overrule him by a majority vote within 90 days. That might well happen, since many Congressmen are opposed to giving Russian goods most-favored-nation treatment until the Kremlin drops its tax on Jews emigrating to Israel.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE ARMSTRONG



THE CEASE-FIRE

Defusing the Crisis in Cambodia

FOR a few days last week, it looked as if Cambodia might become another South Viet Nam. Communist insurgent forces, armed and led by the North Vietnamese, were besieging the Cambodian capital, Phnom-Penh. U.S. B-52s bombed through the night around Phnom-Penh, hoping to hold off the enemy and prop up the shaky, dictatorial regime of President Lon Nol. General Alexander Haig Jr., U.S. Army Vice Chief of Staff and former deputy to Henry Kissinger, was sent on a fast fact-finding tour of Indochina. While high Washington officials called the situation "abysmal" and "awful," President Nixon went off to ponder at Camp David—usually the prelude to an important announcement. Congressional Democrats fretted that the U.S. was about to bog down in still another quagmire.

That has not happened yet—and probably will never happen. General Haig returned with a relaxed pronouncement: "The situation is very complex," he said, "but it is not as drastic as it has been described." The President came down from Camp David with nothing dramatic to announce. At a meeting of the National Security Council, the subject of Cambodia did not even come up, and Nixon did not bother to debrief Haig until the meeting was over.

Teetering. For the President, Cambodia remains more of a diplomatic than a military problem, despite the heavy U.S. bombing. As long as Phnom-Penh holds out with U.S. air support, Nixon can live with the situation and hope for the best. The U.S. told Hanoi again that the Communist drive in Cambodia is in clear breach of the Paris accords, which call for a cease-fire in that beautiful but battered country. If the offensive in Cambodia continues, the U.S. will not give North Viet Nam the post-war reconstruction aid that has been promised. The North Vietnamese are unlikely to be much moved by that threat. Still, they can never be sure what Nixon may do—short of recommitting U.S. ground troops to Indochina. Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson has made it clear that, if sufficiently provoked, the U.S. will send the bombers over North Viet Nam again. It is also possible that South Vietnamese troops might go to the aid of Lon Nol.

All last week, the White House remained in direct contact by cable with Peking and Moscow. The President urged Chinese and Soviet leaders to pressure Hanoi to end the Cambodian offensive. But they can only do so much. They are competing for influence in postwar North Viet Nam, and they do not want to alienate Hanoi. On the other hand, they do not want to damage their improving relations with the U.S. by encouraging the North Vietnamese.

It is a delicate diplomatic balancing act that could easily collapse, but for the moment all parties were still teetering on the high wire.

At the same time, the White House is trying to shore up the Lon Nol regime (see THE WORLD). But there are limits to U.S. intervention. The White House has no intention of repeating the kind of action that led to the bloody overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Viet Nam. One possibility is a return to power of deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk. No one wants this more than Sihanouk, who just arrived back in Peking after a month-long visit to insurgent-held areas

by the end of June unless a cease-fire occurs in fact as well as theory.

In Saigon, the North and South Vietnamese are barely civil to each other. The Paris accords call for "consultations in a spirit of national reconciliation and concord, mutual respect and mutual non-elimination." But, no less than the Communists, President Nguyen Van Thieu, who returned to Saigon last week from a trip abroad, still prefers to pursue a policy of elimination. So far he has shown far more political strength than anyone had thought he would immediately after the cease-fire. He has made only a pretense of moving toward joint political arrangements with the Communists, feeling no pressure to do so. He keeps the Viet Cong delegation isolated in their spartan compound at Tan Son Nhut, lo-

FRED J. WARDON—LOUIS WEICHER



GENERAL ALEXANDER HAIG JR. IN THE SITUATION ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Abysmal, awful and complex, but not so drastic after all.

in Cambodia, where he tried to drum up support among the various factions. So far, the U.S. has rejected the idea of bringing back Sihanouk.

In South Viet Nam, meanwhile, the war that had supposedly ended was still going on. The North Vietnamese continue to pour in men and supplies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and they have as much firepower in the South as they did when they launched last spring's offensive. Every day they blow up bridges, lob hand grenades and pepper various government-held positions with small-arms fire.

The Communists are not especially careful about their targets. They fired on two helicopters carrying members of the International Commission of Control and Supervision. One was downed, killing nine people, among them a Canadian. Even before this happened, the frustrated Canadian government had served notice that it would pull out of the four-nation peace-keeping mission

in Saigon. He orders as many as 80 air strikes a day in Tay Ninh and Binh Long provinces north of Saigon near the Cambodian border, where the Communists are believed to have heavy equipment. Throughout South Viet Nam, Thieu's artillery thud away without letup. "The South Vietnamese are unloading ship after ship of 105-mm. and 155-mm. artillery shells," says an ICCS member in Danang. "And God knows they need it. They shoot off that much on Sundays alone."

Nixon has fewer options than before in Indochina. The U.S. is only one of several players with waning influence over events. Neither the American public nor the Communist powers will allow the President much freedom of action. This puts all the more emphasis on quiet diplomacy, a craft in which Nixon is skilled. How to maintain the Cambodian balancing act, how to achieve something between victory and defeat remain his mission in Indochina.

The Season of Renewal

THERE is no record of Richard Nixon ever digging in the earth except for those times that he replaced his divots on the Burning Tree golf course. But there he was last week in the Rose Garden, inhaling the pungent spring earth vapors like an authentic horticulturist and telling Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew all about the White House stand of flowering crab-apple trees.

In fact, Nixon and even more so his wife have been so taken by the crop of glorious blooms on the south spread of the White House that they opened up the grounds last weekend for public tours. The White House has the aura of a Southern plantation, conceived and executed by those country aristocrats George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. And this is the season of renewal in the South, when breathtaking beauty sweeps out the shriveled thoughts of winter.

Even a briefcase specimen like Nixon is affected. He has been seen to slow his determined, nose-toward-the-grindstone stride to the office these mornings in order to take a glance or two through the rising mist at the splendid view across the garden and down the South Lawn. He wanders there with guests when he can search in the rain-bows for yet another unfolding flower among the more than 50 specimens.

Virtually every one of the White House residents has been captivated by the acreage. Part of the reason is the feeling of Presidents that they are imprisoned by the office. In any event, they have all insisted upon leaving their green-thumb print.



PAT NIXON IN THE ROSE GARDEN

Jefferson looked at the even sweep of land out back, and he decided to change its profile to add interest. He ordered up some horse-drawn graders and had two mounds made so that the light could play in the dips and swells.

John Quincy Adams came along and planted an American elm right on top of Jefferson's southeast mound. The tree is king now—85 feet tall. It has withstood worms, beetles, the Dutch elm disease and even a great bolt of lightning five years ago, which sheared a heavy branch.

John Kennedy once prowled under the two magnolias planted near the back door by Andrew Jackson. Kennedy liked their cool, damp seclusion so well that he thought it might be an ideal place for a garden house. He never got the project started. Now the Navy air controller who guides the President's helicopters into

place on the South Lawn secretes himself in the huge, thick leaves. There is a mystery: Did Theodore Roosevelt plant the beech out front? Legend says yes. Some White House archivists say no. There is no doubt, however, about the two linden trees that flank the East and West wings. F.D.R. put them in.

When Ike finished his terms, he took the roses out of the Rose Garden and trundled them home to his Gettysburg farm. Kennedy was miffed; he had the whole garden redone so that it would have blooms from spring through fall and a pattern in light and dark in winter. He complained when he found 28 gardeners, insisting that the one man his father hired at Hyannisport could do the job. He found out that the fellow couldn't and settled for kibitzing over the shoulders of the crew that put in the new plantings. Kennedy spent at least \$200,000 in federal funds upgrading the grass, only to see it become as splotchy as any suburban lawn in August. It was replaced.

Lyndon Johnson used to lie down and stretch out in the thick turf just like he was a kid in Texas. He would walk the back lot in the evening with his beagles, looking for squirrels that the dogs could chase. The hand of Lady Bird was all over in thick banks of tulips and marigolds and especially in the graceful old East Garden, which the Johnsons in 1965 renamed the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden. Before the Johnsons left, they put in a couple of oaks that now are reaching for the sky.

So this spring there is a lush lawn of Kentucky-31 fescue instead of the old Merion bluegrass. The magnolias and the cherry trees have sprinkled their delicate petals on the ground like tinted snow. The redbuds, crab trees, azaleas, tulips and hyacinths are at their peak. For the moment anyway, for a President who resides in the center of it all, the world is sweet and beautiful and promising. And it already has the Nixon thumbprint. Right straight out the window, down the knoll and across the drive, as the President's eye goes, there is the *Sequoia gigantea*, which he and Mrs. Nixon planted in 1971. It is four feet high now, up eight inches since that May day. It could reach 100 feet. That may be what the President had in mind.

THE VICE PRESIDENT

Agnew Watches And Waits

What is Vice President Spiro Agnew doing these days? "Oh, he speaks a lot," says an Agnew aide. How often? "About twice a week." Another member of his staff adds the fascinating information that "he reads a lot." Declares a third: "Now he's got the time for a thoughtful approach to his job."

Agnew does indeed have the time, since his duties have been cut back by President Nixon, apparently as part of his drive to centralize authority within his own office. Agnew's new press aide, J. Marsh Thompson, cited as the most important among the Vice President's remaining jobs President of the Senate, chairman of the National Council on Indian Opportunity and a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. But Agnew rarely visits his office in the Senate; he usually goes to Capitol Hill only when his vote might be needed to break a tie or when he is called on to escort a foreign dignitary. Despite his Indian council post, he played no part in the sensitive Wounded Knee negotiations, and he rarely attends council meetings. Agnew aides note that he likes to keep busy, but one of them admitted: "He does have bad days. He'll say, 'What the hell am I doing? Why in hell am I handling this crap?'"

Hostile. Except for one trip to explain the Viet Nam peace settlement to U.S. allies in Asia, Agnew has not been given any significant diplomatic or advisory tasks by Nixon since their second terms began. Relations between the two men are at a low point. Agnew resents that Nixon—in a news conference in January and to various aides—has mentioned Democrat John Connally as a potential presidential candidate in 1976. He also feels that Nixon has seriously mishandled the entire Watergate political-espionage scandal, possibly hurting the Republican Party's—as well as Agnew's—prospects in future elections. Agnew's aides, moreover, regard such Nixon intimates as H.R. Haldeman, White House chief of staff, and John Ehrlichman, domestic affairs assistant, as hostile barriers standing between the President and the Vice President.

Agnew's duties were trimmed last January, when Nixon shifted the supervision of the Office of Intergovernmental Relations, which handles White House liaison with Governors and mayors, from Agnew to Ehrlichman's Domestic Policy Council. The shift was a mixed blessing, because the Vice President felt that Nixon had misled those elected officials into thinking that they were going to get more federal funds from his revenue-sharing programs than now seems likely—and Agnew has no desire to take the heat for this. Explains an Agnew spokesman: "It could

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THE NATION

be awkward for the Vice President to continue as an advocate of Governors, mayors and county officials at a time when they might be in opposition to Administration policy."

Agnew's staff was slashed 23% (from 39 to 30) as part of Nixon's general Executive cost-cutting operation. The way in which this was done irked Agnew aides. His chief of staff, Arthur Sohmer, got the orders for cutback in a telephone call from Fred Malek, the second-ranking official in the Office of Management and Budget. "Do we have any choice?" Sohmer asked. "No," said Malek. That was that.

In some ways, Agnew's limited duties fit his desire to keep his profile low and let much of the controversy that has surrounded him abate while he assesses all the factors involved in whether—and how vigorously—he should seek the presidency. His intimates insist that he has not decided whether to reach for it. Some are not even sure that he wants the job. "He just doesn't give a toot," contends Harry Dent, counsel to the Republican National Committee. "He's got a lot of reluctance in him. He had to think a lot about going on the ticket again last fall."

There is in fact no solid sign that Agnew has developed the burning ambition that seems so vital to capturing the nation's highest office. So far, he is neither cultivating the people who could help him nor dropping those who might hurt him. In his speech forays, he often avoids reception lines, and he dislikes the handshaking and political chatter with influential regional politicians who will control many votes at the 1976 Republican National Convention. Moreover, he maintains a close friendship with Frank Sinatra (see PEOPLE), the high-living singer whose boorish conduct at Nixon's Inauguration festivities angered many top Republicans. Agnew and his wife Judy are frequent guests of Sinatra in Palm Springs, Calif. Granting one of his rare interviews, Agnew told the *Christian Science Monitor* that these visits are not "big partying occasions" and it is not true "that Frank Sinatra and I are going around raising hell together. I respect and admire him very much. And I'm not about to let any rumors interfere with my right to select my own friends." Quietly, Agnew has been visiting compatible intellectuals, possibly in search of stimulation on some of the deeper emerging national issues. They include Semanticist S.I. Hayakawa, Futurist Herman Kahn and Historian Daniel Boorstin.

There is of course ample time for Agnew to begin making his move if he does want the presidency. The fate of such recent front-running candidates as Democrat Edmund Muskie and Republican George Romney demonstrates the pitfalls in pushing too hard too soon. Agnew has said that he may not decide for another two years. But once John Connally comes-lately Connally makes his expected shift to the Republican Party (apparently being delayed until the impact of the Watergate scandal is clearer), the pressure on Agnew to counter the Texan will grow.

Within the Republican Party it is almost a cliché that Agnew could win the nomination but not the election, while

FRED J. MARDON—LOUIS WEICHER



VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW
Plenty of time for thought.

Connally could win the election but would have a tough time getting the nomination. The Vice President may be wise in concentrating on golf and tennis, keeping his public speeches relatively muted and biding his time. He has indicated that he will no longer let himself be used by the President to make slashing political attacks unless he himself is in total agreement with the points in such speeches. Agnew speaks so rhapsodically about the joys of the good life in Palm Springs that some of his friends think that he might just chuck Washington completely when his term is over. For anyone who has been just one step away from the Oval Office, however, such a retreat is most unlikely. Just ask Hubert Humphrey—or Richard Nixon.

TRIALS

In Their Own Defense

On at least four occasions, the judge presiding over Criminal Case 9373 had to admonish observers for nodding off to sleep. *The United States of America v. Daniel Ellsberg, Anthony Russo Jr.*, which once held out the promise of a landmark debate over the public's right to know and the Government's need to be secretive, had instead turned into a tedious minuet, pivoting for the better part of twelve weeks around the strictly legal aspects of the case. Witnesses for the prosecution testified about fingerprints on the covers of the Pentagon Papers that allegedly proved theft by the defendants, and about blocks of text within that allegedly proved a breach of national security. But the larger moral issues behind the release of the Pentagon's Viet Nam War study were not heard in the trial until last week, when Ellsberg and Russo took the stand for the first time in a packed Los Angeles courtroom.

Russo, 36, testified first. A balding, horn-rimmed aeronautics engineer, he explained that, when he was first in Viet Nam as a Rand Corp. researcher, he had believed Viet Cong cadre to be "indoctrinated fanatics." But his gradual conversion to an antiwar activist was brought about in part by an interview with one memorable Viet Cong prisoner. Russo told how the prisoner vowed that "he would never give up, no matter how badly they tortured him. It was here I learned the difference between indoctrination and commitment. He was committed." Russo told the jury: "It was very moving—I came to know the Vietnamese people." The next moment, he slumped forward and wept.

Honor. When he recovered, he admitted to—and defended—his role in Xeroxing the Pentagon Papers, which Ellsberg later gave to the press. Asked which of the 19 documents in the case he had copied, Russo shot back: "I could have Xeroxed all of them. I'm not denying anything. It's an honor to have Xeroxed the Pentagon Papers." When Prosecutor David R. Nissen asked Russo whether he was aware that access to the papers was on a strict "need to know" basis, Russo responded: "I was aware of Rand's need to know rules. But I thought that the American people had a real need to know."

Later Ellsberg told of his own conversion. He had come to Viet Nam a "superhawk," but changed when confronted with the cavalier shooting of villagers from U.S. helicopters ("like herding cattle with a pickup truck in Montana"), the corruption of South Vietnamese officials, the squandering of U.S. tax money, the wanton burning of villages, and the deliberate obfuscation of the facts by U.S. Government and military officials. At one point, Ellsberg told how South Vietnamese officials sold U.S.-supplied cement on the black

THE NATION

market, and made AID-financed schools out of little more than sand and water. "If you took a coin, you could scrape away the wall," he said. Then, after 3½ hours on the stand, an exhausted Ellsberg walked to his defense table, plopped into a chair and wept.

Throughout the week's proceedings, Ellsberg's chief counsel, Leonard Boudin, 60, also showed wear. Though a veteran of the trials of Dr. Benjamin Spock and the Rev. Philip Berrigan, Boudin has always been more at home with appellate procedures than in trial law, and he faltered in his questioning, so much so that Judge William Matthew Byrne himself frequently took up the line of inquiry. Reliant on a heart pacemaker, Boudin finally was ordered to rest by his doctor. The proceedings were suspended until this week, when Ellsberg is expected to take the stand again.

CORRUPTION

Busting Public Servants

Smiling, joking, occasionally back-slapping, Louis Turco presided genially over a Newark city council meeting one afternoon last week. Then an aide approached and whispered something into his ear. The Democratic council president paled. He bowed his head and hurried from the room. Turco had just learned that he had been indicted on ten charges of mail fraud and four counts of income-tax evasion.

The scene has become depressingly familiar in U.S. state and municipal politics. Over the past three years in New Jersey alone, 67 officials have been indicted and 35 convicted. U.S. Attorney Herbert Stern has snared mayors, legislators, judges, highway officials, postmasters and a Congressman.

Last week scandal nipped at the Governor's mansion. Newspapers re-

ported that state Republicans had devised an illegal scheme for soliciting funds for Governor William Cahill's 1969 campaign. Fatcat contributors had been advised by leading Republicans to write off their donations on their tax returns as business expenses. This disclosure came on top of the conviction six months ago of the Governor's closest political confidant, Secretary of State Paul Sherwin, who had sought a kickback from a highway contractor. Cahill, who had seemed a shoo-in for reelection this year, is now in trouble.

While New Jersey leads the nation in discovered political corruption, scandal after scandal is emerging in many other areas as the nation conducts what appears to be an unprecedented political housecleaning. Corruption is not necessarily on the rise in the U.S., but the prosecution of it is.

MIAMI. Democratic Mayor David Kennedy was indicted two weeks ago for conspiracy to bribe; he was charged with attempting to free a convicted drug offender. Also indicted was Circuit Judge Jack Turner, who had first sentenced the dealer to three years, then dismissed the case. At the same time, Circuit Judge Murray Goodman was indicted for conspiracy to accept a bribe after he reversed his own sentence and put a child molester on probation.

PHILADELPHIA. Maurice Osser, former city commission chairman, was sentenced to six years in prison last December for demanding kickbacks from city printing contracts. This month Sander Field, onetime chairman of the city-planning board, was sentenced to pay a \$25,000 fine for violating the state security act by selling stock in his bank below its market value to political officials. In the past three years in Philadelphia, a judge has been sent to jail for nine months for check fraud, the chairman of the housing authority advisory board has been convicted of bribery and

conspiracy, the stadium construction coordinator has been convicted of extortion, and the former chief court clerk has received a two- to ten-year prison sentence for robbery and fixing cases.

NEW ORLEANS. District Attorney Jim Garrison, famed for his conspiracy theory about the Kennedy assassination, will go to trial in May on charges of receiving bribes from pinball-machine companies. Former Louisiana Attorney General Jack Gremlion was sentenced last year to 15 years in prison for perjury; he was convicted of lying about stock that he owned in a savings-and-loan corporation that was under investigation by a grand jury.

BALTIMORE. James Scott, a member of the Maryland house of delegates, was arrested on the charge of conspiring to distribute some 40 pounds of heroin. Last week State Senator Clarence Mitchell III was indicted for failing to file income-tax returns for four years.

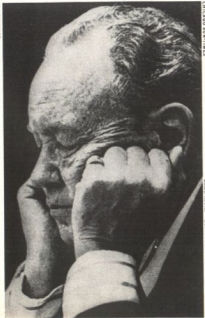
NEW YORK CITY. Queens District Attorney Thomas J. Mackell was indicted last week on charges of hindering the prosecution of a get-rich-quick swindle in which members of his own staff, including his son-in-law, had invested. Mackell's office is also under investigation in connection with two gangland killings in which no action was taken. Meanwhile, Ted Gross, who recently resigned as the city's commissioner of youth services, pleaded guilty to accepting bribes from companies seeking city contracts.

ALBANY, N.Y. The New York State commission of investigation issued a report two weeks ago documenting "systematic and organized burglaries, larcenies and thefts" of public funds by six city policemen. The commission sought to have the cops removed for trial to New York City, where they will not be protected by the Albany Democratic machine, which sponsors most of the judges elected in the area.

QUEENS DISTRICT ATTORNEY MACKELL

CHICAGO ALDERMAN THOMAS KEANE

MIAMI MAYOR DAVID KENNEDY



CHICAGO. Republican U.S. Attorney James ("Big Jim") Thompson is making a shambles of the once mighty Daley Democratic fiefdom (TIME, April 2). Former Governor Otto Kerner was convicted last month of taking a bribe from a race-track owner. Cook County Clerk Edward Barrett was convicted of receiving kickbacks on the purchase of voting machines. The Chicago *Sun-Times* has been running an exposé of city officials who are accused of selling tax-delinquent lands to political chums at bargain prices. Among the alleged profiteers: Thomas Keane, chairman of the city council's finance committee and a Daley intimate (see THE PRESS).

Despite what seems to be an epidemic of political corruption, most policemen and criminologists believe that it is not on the increase. "We are not dealing with anything new," says Miami Criminologist Charlotte Tatrow. "The goal in our society is money, and if people can't get it by legitimate means, they are going to turn to illegitimate means." What is new is society's increased sensitivity to corruption. "We have changed our expectations," says Ernest van den Haag, professor of social philosophy at New York University. "We no longer accept corruption as part of the political process."

Pinched by inflation and taxes, citizens are scarcely in a mood to tolerate the enrichment of politicians at public expense, and prosecutors are receiving public backing to hunt down venality aggressively. There is plenty of political mileage to be gained, especially if it is discovered in the opposition party. It is no coincidence that Republican district attorneys—notably New Jersey's Stern and Illinois' Thompson—have dug up scandals in Democratic machines. Says Ralph Berkowitz, special assistant to the state's attorney in Cook County: "We are exposing things that for years were only suspected. The old sense of immunity is gone." As it disappears, the public appetite for prosecutions will probably be whetted. In that case, considerably more instances of the corruption that was condoned in the past will come to view in the courts.

FLOODS

Winning Against Water

Enthusiastic about the success of huge, man-made walls in holding back nature's temperamental floods, an Army Corps of Engineers official said of the flood-control system on the Mississippi River: "It's the greatest invention since women." Though his statement was exaggerated, his pride was justified. In the third worst flood of the century, federally financed dams, levees and spillways last week met severe tests, regulated the swelling river and in seven Mississippi Valley states* kept

*Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana.



CROSSING STREET FLOODED BY THE MISSISSIPPI IN ST. MARYS, MO.

damage to a relatively low \$200 million.

Still, the river's rising waters took their toll. By week's end the flood had claimed 20 lives, routed 25,000 people from their homes and swamped 7,300,000 acres of rich farm land. At least 10% of this year's cotton crop and some of the soybean harvest were threatened. Upriver, as waters receded and mopping up began, farmers around West Alton, Mo., found nearly 10,000 acres of crops covered with silt and debris. But for the most part, the upper Mississippi was secure.

Downriver, the damage was greater. In Mississippi, the hardest-hit state, another two inches of rain fell on the Yazoo River Basin, making a total of 51 inches in the past six months. The soaked earth could hold no more; at Vicksburg, where the Yazoo River meets the Mississippi, the water reached 7.4 feet above flood stage, the highest in 36 years. Farm land and equipment in the surrounding Delta lay under eight feet of water in some places, making the recovery and repair of equipment almost impossible on many small farms. Trembling cattle huddled on islands of high ground, surrounded by chocolate-colored waters. In all, Mississippi suffered \$75 million in damages.

Louisiana fared better, thanks largely to the effectiveness of levees and spillways. Twenty-five miles north of New Orleans, officials opened the Bonnet Carré spillway for the first time since 1950, siphoning off 250,000 cu. ft. of water per second into nearby Lake Pontchartrain. Beyond that, water-wise Louisianians did what they have always done during flood season: watched the river and trusted the levee walls.

Many people living along the high, tempestuous Great Lakes were not so fortunate. There is a much lower, less extensive system of water walls along the lakes than along the Mississippi. Heavy rains in the past three years have made the lakes rise rapidly; Lake Erie is 14 inches higher than a year ago, and Lake Michigan is twelve inches higher. Last week 48-m.p.h. winds sent eight-foot waves crashing over the shores of Lake Erie in Toledo and in Monroe



DELUGE 40 MILES NORTH OF MEMPHIS
The century's third worst rise.

County, Mich. Water surged over five square miles inland, and damage along the shore line reached an estimated \$32 million. Lake Michigan's 20-foot waves battered the lake shore for 40 miles, from Chicago northward to Zion. Flooding in Green Bay, Wis., forced 800 to evacuate.

"I don't like to give up," said one Toledo resident after his home absorbed its second soaking in six months. "It may be a losing battle, but I can't walk away from my investment here." Such hardiness will help in the future. The lakes will not peak until June, and they are expected to remain high for at least another two years.

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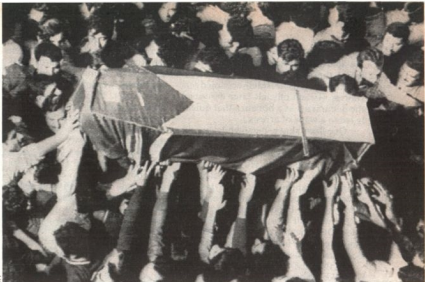
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NASSER'S APARTMENT AFTER ATTACK



MOURNERS TRY TO TOUCH CASNET OF ABU YUSUF IN BEIRUT AFTER FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Terror to End Terror?

It was a little after midnight when the Israeli commandos struck the sleeping city of Beirut. They had steamed up the Mediterranean coast in gunboats, then embarked in rubber dinghies. Some 60 naval commandos and paratroopers, armed with automatic rifles, grenades and almost 800 lbs. of explosives, quietly rowed toward five different points along the moonlit shore. Helicopters hovered offshore with reinforcements; they were not needed. The raiders took less than 2½ hours to accomplish their missions: the assassination of three Palestinian leaders and the destruction of several fedayeen facilities. The Israelis killed at least 14 other people and wounded many more. Their own losses: two dead and two wounded. It was, all in all, one of the most spectacular raids that the Israelis had ever undertaken.

The raids were staged the day after Arab guerrillas had attacked Israeli targets in Cyprus (see following story). But the detailed planning had actually begun a month earlier, when two nondescript men and a dark-haired woman in her mid-30s visited Beirut on Western passports. Agents of Mossad, the Israeli external-intelligence network, they laid the groundwork for the extraordinary invasion. They were helped by Israeli agents living in Beirut, including some who had infiltrated the fedayeen movement itself and others who arrived later. To get ready for the commandos, six agents went

to Avis and a local firm called Lenacar and rented a station wagon, four American sedans and a pert blue Renault sporting a rallye stripe.

D-day was originally scheduled for April 7, but something caused a delay. Perhaps it was political hesitation, or maybe the onset of unseasonable thunderstorms. The Cyprus attacks could have ended any political wavering. Be-

sides, the weather turned pleasant, the seas became calm.

As TIME Correspondent Spencer Davidson reconstructed the events, the Israeli raiders zeroed in on their targets with awesome precision. Two groups landed on the luxurious western edge of the city. One group raced across a wide sandy strip known as Dead Man's Beach (because of the strong undertow in front), scaled a 40-ft. embankment and rendezvoused with three of the rented vehicles. Overhead, a sign atop the Beirut International Hotel serenely went on winking its ad for the "1,000 and One Nights" supper club. The second Israeli group splashed ashore on a narrower beach half a mile away, clambered up a rocky incline and found three more rented cars on top of a promontory called Eden Roc.

The first group drove a scant mile to Rue Khaled Ben al Walid. Two apartment buildings halfway along the short street housed the Palestinian leaders marked for assassination: Al-Fatah Deputy Leader Abu Yusuf, Intelligence Expert Kamal Adwan and Palestinian Spokesman Kamal Nasser. All three had attended a meeting of the Palestine Liberation Organization during the evening.

Entering by a rear yard to avoid a protective squad of fedayeen in front, the Israelis climbed to Adwan's third-floor apartment. While one of them rang the front doorbell, the others somehow got in through another door. When Adwan answered the ring, the attackers were behind him. Before he could defend himself, they pumped 53 bullets into him. His wife jumped into bed with their six-year-old daughter and four-year-old son and pulled the covers over

EXPLODING U.S. OIL TANKS



THE WORLD

their heads. The Israelis ignored the three as they methodically ransacked the apartment, scooping up documents listing the identities and codes of Palestinian activists in Israeli-occupied territories. (Israeli officials later described the documents as a bonanza that quickly led to a wave of arrests.)

One floor above, meanwhile, another squad of Israelis burst into Nasser's apartment while he was scribbling notes for a magazine article. He had just written: "If we don't proceed to Palestine, danger will approach us." The Israelis smashed his door off its hinges and riddled him with bullets. The floor where he fell was still wet with gore six hours later. On a nearby coffee table sat an empty glass, a half-full pack of Marlboros and an ashtray of cigarette butts.

In the other building, a third group of raiders shot the locks off the door to Abu Yusuf's seventh-floor apartment and then gunned him down. His wife Rasmata threw herself on his body, and she too was killed. Abu Yusuf's six children were not harmed, but there were other deaths when the Israelis began

making their getaway. During an exchange of fire between the Israelis and the aroused fedayeen guards, a 70-year-old Italian woman looked out of her apartment window and was killed by a stray bullet. Two Beirut policemen entered the fighting and also died. The Israelis suffered no losses as they smoothly rolled out of the neighborhood in their undamaged cars.

The other three carloads of raiders had traveled roughly a mile in another direction. Their target: an eight-story apartment building that housed a small radical group known as the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The Israelis planted explosives that blew out the first three floors of the building. The Palestinians fought back, but five of them were killed in a pitched battle that also caused the only Israeli casualties in the whole invasion.

While the urban raiders were striking, three other detachments of Israelis landed at outlying coastal areas. One group hit the impoverished village of Ouzai, at the south end of Beirut. It unaccountably blew up the house of the

village headman. He escaped, but two of his brothers were shot to death when they rushed out of their houses to see what had happened. Beyond the village, the Israelis coolly set up a roadblock on the coastal highway and then blew up a small factory suspected of supplying explosives to Palestinian terrorists. Three Syrians who ran the factory were killed in the blast. The other two commando contingents struck at the northeast industrial neighborhood of Doura, where they blasted a single-story machine shop believed to be used by terrorists. At Sidon, 25 miles to the south, they destroyed a small fedayeen garage.

Lebanese citizens were dismayed at their army's failure to mount any real resistance. The Beirut newspaper *Al-Moharrir* ran a huge headline: A DAY OF HUMILIATION. Lebanese Premier Saeb Salam visited Ouzai to inspect the damage, and furious residents pelted him with oranges and tomatoes. He later resigned, demanding also the resignation of Lebanon's military chief of staff, General Iskandar Ghanem.

Anger spread throughout the Arab

"Most Probably We'll All Die"

ARENT you tired of fighting? Doesn't the road seem long when you take small steps? Mohammed Yusuf Najjar, better known as Abu Yusuf, faced these questions two months ago in an interview with *L'Orient-Le Jour*, the influential Beirut newspaper. Abu Yusuf, 44, replied that he did not expect his

Fatah Chief Yasser Arafat and was the only Fatah member on the P.L.O.'s executive committee. A onetime lawyer, Abu Yusuf acted as a kind of Foreign Minister for the P.L.O., representing it skillfully in negotiations with Arab governments. The Israelis regarded him as also a leader of the shadowy Palestin-

shunned publicity. He established one of the original Palestinian resistance cells and, at his death, was responsible for P.L.O. intelligence in Israeli-occupied territories. To the Israelis, this meant that he was in charge of terrorist acts within these areas.

Kamal Nasser, 48, the third P.L.O. victim, was mourned by Palestinians last week as the "revolutionary butterfly." He was a colorful and esteemed poet and the official spokesman for the entire P.L.O. A Christian, he did not seem tied to any one group within the organization, though the Israelis regarded him as a representative of Fatah and thus, in their view, of Black September. Nasser always refused to carry a gun, despite warnings that his life might be in danger. A graduate in political science from the American University of Beirut and a former member of the Jordanian Parliament, he was perhaps the Palestinians' most eloquent champion.

In an interview with two French journalists a week before he was killed, Nasser insisted that Black September was "not an organization within the frame of the P.L.O." It was, he said, a phenomenon that had grown out of some Palestinians' frustration at the world's refusal "to see their just cause and understand their problem." Nasser added, in what may have been his final words on the subject: "As a Palestinian leader, I do not encourage such phenomena. We have our own strategy, and I believe that the Black September movement will never dominate the resistance. But I wonder if we can stop it from growing if the whole world is going to continue turning its back on the Palestinians."



ABU YUSUF



KAMAL ADWAN



KAMAL NASSER

generation of Palestinians to defeat the Israelis. "We plant the seeds, and the others will reap the harvest," he said. "Most probably we'll all die, killed because we are confronting a fierce enemy. But the youth will replace us."

Last week Abu Yusuf himself was killed, the highest-ranking victim of the Israeli raids against Palestinians in Lebanon. A founder of Al-Fatah, the most important of the five major groups within the Palestine Liberation Organization, Abu Yusuf was the top deputy of

ian terrorist group, Black September. Abu Daoud, the Al-Fatah leader imprisoned in Jordan, seemed to support this belief in a recent "confession" about the inner workings of Fatah, but other Palestinians contend that his statement was made under duress and was untrue.

Kamal Adwan, 38, was the youngest of the three P.L.O. officials assassinated by the Israelis. A former petroleum engineer who had worked with Arafat on the Persian Gulf, he was also influential in Fatah affairs, though he

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THE WORLD

world, much of it directed at the U.S. Anti-American placards sprouted among the 100,000 or so mourners in a funeral procession for the victims. The Palestine Liberation Organization in Beirut accused U.S. intelligence agents of planning the Israeli raids. A Voice of Palestine broadcast from Algiers called on Arabs "to strike everywhere at American interests and embassies and kill and assassinate everyone who is American."

Apparent response to that provocative battle cry came quickly. At week's end a giant oil-storage facility near Sidon on the Lebanese coast erupted in flames. Some 200,000 barrels of oil were destroyed. Spokesmen for the Palestinian guerrillas denied responsibility for the fire, but their words had a hollow ring. The big tank farm is the terminus of a pipeline that carries oil from Saudi Arabia for refinement and loading onto supertankers; it is part of the Aramco complex and the U.S.-owned corporation is an obvious guerrilla target.

The State Department denied U.S. involvement in the Lebanon raid, even as it deplored both the Arab and the Israeli strikes. As usual, the Israelis justified their raids as a means to end terrorism. "It was very marvelous," Prime Minister Golda Meir told the Knesset, "because we killed the murderers who were planning to murder again. Shining pages will be written about this." Later, before a crowd of 10,000 in Tiberias, she warned of more Israeli raids. "If terrorist activities do not cease," she said, "we will be compelled to continue to seek terrorists out wherever they may be."

A Mission That Failed

Less than twelve hours before the Israeli commandos landed in Beirut, a band of nine young Palestinian guerrillas launched twin attacks on Israeli targets in Cyprus. Like some of the Israeli invaders, the Arab terrorists went to work in rented cars. There the resemblance ended.

Things went wrong from the start. One team of four set off in mid-afternoon in a rented yellow Morris Marina to strike at the Nicosia residence of Israeli Ambassador Rahamim Timor. Caught in heavy traffic that threatened to wreck their timetable, the Arabs raced conspicuously down the oncoming traffic lane of Grivas Avenue and through a series of red traffic lights. Other cars had to brake suddenly to avoid collisions, and one of these cars was driven by an off-duty policeman. He immediately alerted headquarters to have the "crazy driver" of the Morris picked up "before he kills someone."

While police were closing in on the Arabs as traffic violators, the would-be assassins screeched to a halt outside the three-story apartment building where Ambassador Timor lives with his wife and two children. One Arab fired a burst of his submachine gun at a Cypriot po-



CYPRUS POLICE CAPTURE WOUNDED GUERRILLA AFTER ATTACK ON ISRAELI ENVOY
Everything went wrong from the start.

liceman on guard outside the building, seriously wounding him in the chest. Another planted a large handbag filled with dynamite at the main entrance. The Arabs were apparently unaware of two things: that there was another entrance closer to Timor's apartment, and that Timor had already left, five minutes earlier, to walk to the Israeli embassy half a mile away.

When the explosion went off, it blew a huge hole in a Greek Cypriot's ground-floor apartment but caused relatively little damage to Timor's quarters. Nobody inside the building was injured. The dynamiter himself was flung to the ground, however, and the getaway car was wrecked. The other three guerrillas left their comrade behind and commandeered another vehicle at gunpoint. They got only 50 yards before they rounded a curve and crashed head-on into a police car looking for the traffic violators. They surrendered, and the injured dynamiter was arrested later at a hotel where the entire group had been staying.

Five minutes after the bungled attack on the ambassador's residence, the other five Palestinians made an equally inept attempt to blow up an empty Israeli Viscount airliner at Nicosia airport. They arrived in a blue Dodge Colt and a Land-Rover. As the Colt headed for the tarmac, it crashed into a gatepost. One of its two occupants fled through a field, but the other attacked a police guard by hitting him on the head with a hand grenade. The impact of the blow dislodged the grenade pin; the young guerrilla, afraid that he was going to blow himself up, threw the grenade away. It exploded harmlessly, and the Arab, now unarmed, surrendered.

The Land-Rover had meanwhile made it onto the tarmac and was circling the Viscount, but only one of the three Arabs had a gun. He fired repeat-

edly at the plane without causing any appreciable damage. Another Arab threw a bag of explosives near the aircraft but it did not go off. By this time, an Israeli security agent was strafing the car with a submachine gun. He wounded all three guerrillas, one fatally, and the Land-Rover crashed into a mobile generator.

A handwritten note found in one of the rented vehicles identified the guerrillas in both attacks as members of the National Arab Youth Organization for the Liberation of Palestine. According to the note, they had all planned to escape by hijacking another plane to Libya. The note also apologized "to the friendly people of Cyprus for the fight on your beautiful island."

Though normally sympathetic to Arabs, President Archbishop Makarios reacted angrily to the twin attacks. He has had enough problems lately with bombings by the underground movement that seeks to unite Cyprus with Greece. Said Makarios: "Cyprus does not wish to see its soil used as a battleground for the Arab-Israeli conflict."

CAMBODIA

Breaking the Siege

Every day last week the electricity went off until sundown, stilling the whirling fans and air conditioners in the breathless heat. Grim-faced American officials shuttled in and out of the palace of Cambodian President Lon Nol. Battle reports proved contradictory and inconclusive. The British, Australians and Japanese evacuated their women and children. Beside the pool of the Hotel Le Phnom (the former Royal), reporters talked of the possibility of a guerrilla attack on the airport, the television station or some other suitable tar-

THE WORLD

get to coincide with the Buddhist New Year's holiday. This was Phnom-Penh under siege. Reported *TIME* Correspondent Gavin Scott:

The outward signs of crisis are clear enough. The leafy green capital of Phnom-Penh, its population swelled to 1,500,000 by some 400,000 refugees from the fighting, remains cut off from most of the country. Two convoys of ships from South Viet Nam managed to slip up the Mekong River through heavy Communist gunfire (see next story). About 400 trucks carrying food supplies arrived safely from Kompong Som, on the western seaboard. The blockade has technically been broken, but it may take weeks to determine whether the Communist offensive has been turned back.

The city has enough rice to last for two months, and the capital's central market is well stocked with imported goods, fruits and vegetables. But there is only enough diesel fuel to power the city's water system for 19 days, and the electricity supply is dependent on the arrival of further convoys up the Mekong. The airlift announced by the U.S. this week is limited to JP4 jet fuel for the Cambodian air force's tiny fleet of about 20 helicopters.

The stated aim of the Communist offensive is not to overrun Phnom-Penh itself, a feat that the Communists probably could not accomplish anyway because they do not have the troops to do it. Rather the aim is to bring the war as close to the capital as possible, in the hope that civil unrest will lead to the fall of Marshal Lon Nol's regime.

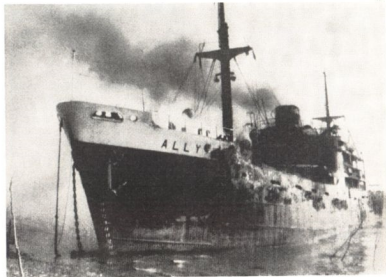
Flexibility. Throughout the Communist offensive, the fighting spirit of the national army, FANK (for Forces Armées Nationales Kampochéa), has steadily declined. On the other hand, the effectiveness of the 80,000-man Communist fighting force, composed of North Vietnamese, Viet Cong, Khmer Rouge and other local groups, has sharply improved. The U.S. expected that the bombing that it resumed on Feb. 9 would force the Communists to interrupt their offensive by mid-March in order to regroup. Instead they showed greater tactical flexibility than ever, cutting off the supply routes almost at will.

Washington officials believe that the Cambodian army's weakness is directly related to the government's lack of broad public support, but Marshal Lon Nol still denies that any such problem exists. His troops "are making firm resistance against the aggressors," he insists. The U.S. has already prevailed on Lon Nol to accept the Cabinet resignation of his abrasive younger brother Lon Non. Next it would like to see the President give an important post in the government to Prince Sirik Matak, a respected soldier who helped lead the 1970 coup that installed Lon Nol.

This might increase the regime's support, but Sirik Matak himself is du-

bious about the prospects. "The government is unpopular, and the nation is going down," he told *TIME* this week. "If I had responsibility in the administration or Cabinet, I would open the door to negotiations with the other side. We could discuss things."

"The real question is which side will collapse first," says an experienced Western diplomat in Phnom-Penh. "Can the Communists hold out until the rainy season in May, when U.S. airpower will become far less effective? Can FANK keep going?" The Americans are giving the Cambodians every kind of material and moral support, he adds, but "in the end you can't fight this war down to the last B-52." The war's outcome, in other words, will be determined on the ground, and by the Cambodians themselves.



HIT BY COMMUNIST FIRE, THE FREIGHTER ALLY LIES GROUNDED & BURNING IN THE MEKONG

Hell on the River

"You can't slow down," said Si Chung Lo, 37, a short and dapper freighter captain from Hong Kong. "You're inviting them to shoot."

Lo had just brought his shell-scarred *Lucky Star* to the dock in Phnom-Penh last week—the 3,500-ton lead ship in a convoy that had to run a gauntlet of Communist gunfire to reach the encircled Cambodian capital. Normally, such ships—manned by Chinese crews that get large, unspecified war bonuses to do the work—set out every ten days from the South Vietnamese port of Vung Tau with cargoes of machinery, machine parts and fuel. The latest convoy, however, was delayed two weeks while U.S. bombers tried to clear a passage through Communist gunners along the Mekong riverbanks.

The most dangerous part of the 150-mile run up the Mekong from the China Sea came between An Long, 20 miles south of the Cambodian frontier, and

Neak Luong, site of a Cambodian naval base 32 miles southeast of Phnom-Penh. With radios at An Long blaring reports of heavy enemy crossfire ahead, South Vietnamese river pilots refused to guide the ships the last few miles to the frontier while Cambodian pilots declined to cross the frontier into foreign waters. Some captains, deciding to proceed anyway, argued loudly for arms. "Give us some machine guns," demanded one. A South Vietnamese officer refused. "No, we will have gunboats and air cover to protect you."

There is, in fact, little protection. Patrol boats shadow convoys, but air cover seldom extends south of the frontier. Once in Cambodian waters, the freighters take aboard a Cambodian pilot and a navy radio operator who tunes in on military frequencies for

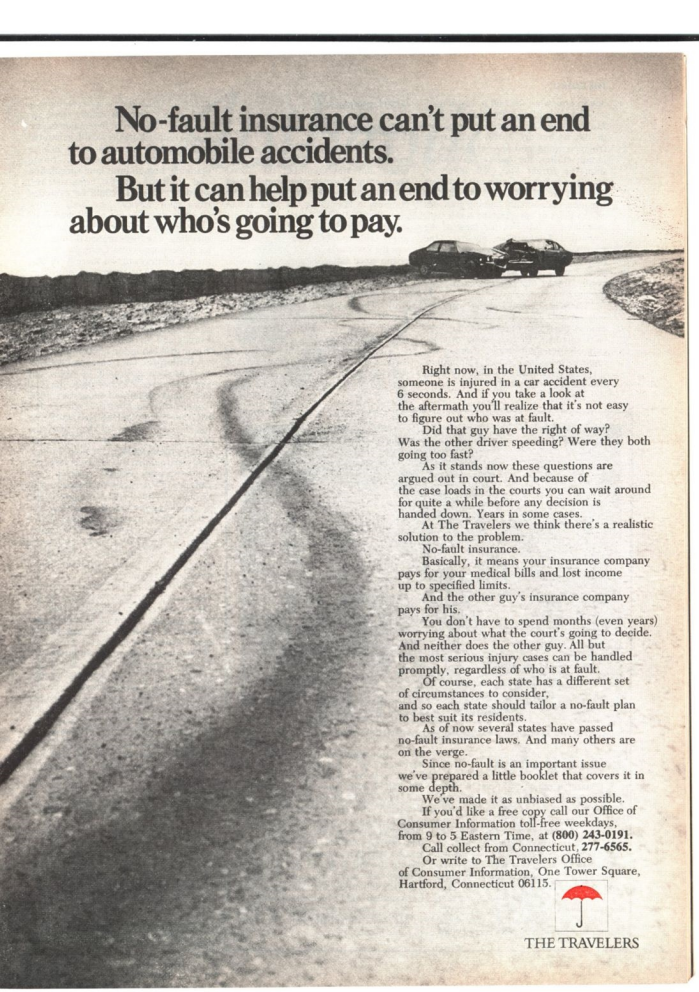
word of fighting around the bends in the snaking river. "I watch the pilot and the radio operator," says Captain Lo. "When I see them put on their helmets and flak jackets, I do the same. That's all we can do—and hope for the best."

In last week's run, the relatively fast (twenty knots) *Lucky Star* came under cannon fire one night three miles south of the Cambodian border. Two 75-mm. cannon and a B-40 rocket scored direct hits on the vessel's superstructure. Two tankers on Lo's stern caught 14 rockets. When Lo looked back, he saw a smaller cargo vessel, the 1,500-ton *ALLY*, burning and beached on the riverbank. In all, ten of the 18 vessels in the original convoy decided to turn back to An Long.

Lo pressed ahead, only to discover that even friendly forces were dangerous in the darkness. An American plane "came ripping across the river about a tenth of a mile off my bow and dropped a bomb in the water," says Lo. "I

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THE TRAVELERS

THE WORLD

don't know what the hell it was doing."

Not even Phnom-Penh is safe. Last January, the *Lucky Star* was attacked in the harbor by North Vietnamese frogmen using *plastique* explosives. A month earlier, the *Lucky Star's* sister ship, the *Bright Star*, was holed by *plastique* and sank. Cambodian soldiers routinely stand lookout duty against frogmen, occasionally lobbing grenades off the piers or spraying the water with machine-gun fire. For the crew of the embattled *Lucky Star*, however, the guards are simply a nuisance. "I wish they would go away," gripes one of the deck crew. "All they do is keep us awake, smoke our cigarettes and drink our beer."

There is talk that freighter captains may refuse to go on running the Communist blockade because of the high risks involved. In fact, some of their cargo is less than crucial. Among the imports brought through Communist shellfire last week: glass beads, French wines and tomato sauce.

WEST GERMANY

Waxing Roth

West Germany's Willy Brandt has two distinct voices: the Chancellor, dignified and statesmanlike; the Social Democratic Party leader, impassioned and hard-hitting. At the S.P.D.'s party congress in Hannover last week, it was clear that Willy No. 1 had stayed home in stately old Bonn. Willy No. 2, the angry table thumper, was in charge. It was the first major test of Brandt's leadership since last November's elections, and Brandt faced a challenge from his party's young Marxist wing, led by *Jungsozialisten* (Juso) Chief Wolfgang Roth. The Juso faction demanded a number of fundamental changes that would push the S.P.D. far left of Brandt's carefully chosen "new center."

Frustrated by what they saw as the S.P.D.'s caution and compromise in the wake of its impressive win at the polls last fall, Roth and his Jusos began orga-

nizing for last week's congress almost as soon as the election results were announced. There were five major issues: how to redistribute the wealth generated by Germany's economic boom, how to allocate national resources in future planning, how to limit land speculation and increase public construction, whether "radicals" could be excluded from civil service jobs and, finally, whether to press for a withdrawal of U.S. forces and a general cut in military spending. The Jusos argued their case in local meetings across Germany, and on the eve of the congress there were estimates that they controlled anywhere from 25% to 40% of the 433 delegates. Foreign observers, particularly the Americans, were watching carefully: any Brandt concessions would have an effect both on the Chancellor's stature in Europe and on his talks with President Nixon in Washington next month.

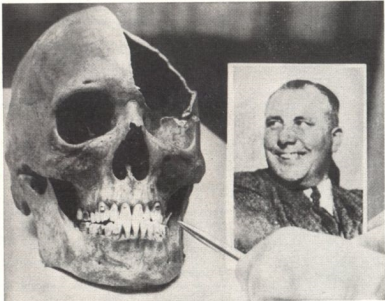
Dialogue. That concern faded almost as soon as Brandt, in a blue suit and orange tie, marched up to the blue and orange podium in Hannover. "This Congress has to confirm explicitly that what the Social Democrats said before the election is valid for them after the election," he said. "Whoever does not occupy the center cannot hold the majority in a democracy; whoever loses the center cannot govern." Blasting Juso calls for an American troop withdrawal, he said: "Without America's presence, we would not be able to negotiate realistically on European security... But our American partners have to realize that... Western Europe will continue its dialogue with America as a talk among friends, which endures criticism, differences and even tensions."

During Brandt's 2½-hour oration, which was interrupted 81 times by applause, convention delegates could almost hear the air hissing out of the Juso balloon. Even Roth, who was one of eight leftwingers elected to the party's 36-man executive board, admitted that he was "impressed" by Brandt's words. "If there were more speeches of this sort," he said, "we could have more discussion on substantive issues, instead of on pseudo issues"—that is, factionalism within the party. When the disputed resolutions came to a vote, Brandt's middle-of-the-road approach won overwhelming approval. As has been the case in previous S.P.D. conventions, Willy No. 2 has a way of prevailing.

BRITAIN

Fatal Fatigue

Fighting a blinding snowstorm, the four-engine Vanguard turboprop locked onto the approach system at Basel-Mulhouse Airport and received permission to land. Inside Invicta International Airlines' flight "Oscar Papa" were 138 passengers, most of them housewives from neighboring towns in southern England on a package "shopping



SKULL IDENTIFIED AS BORMANN'S & WARTIME PHOTOGRAPH OF HITLER'S DEPUTY

End of a Legend

AT last it is official. Almost 28 years to the day after Martin Bormann disappeared in a swirl of Soviet artillery fire in the ruins of Berlin, 27 years after he was condemned to death by the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, 23 years after he was reported to be alive in Russia, 21 years after he was said to be a monk in Italy, and less than half a year after Spy-Story Teller Ladislav Farrago claimed that he was still living as a millionaire in Argentina, a West German court last week formally pronounced the Nazi leader

dead—along with all the rumors about his escape.

A skeleton unearthed last December half a mile from the site of Hitler's bunker was indisputably that of Bormann, said Horst Gauf, the Hesse state prosecutor whose office was in charge of the case. He said that bone and dental evidence made it a "certainty" that the oft-seen phantom had died in the fall of Berlin. He therefore ordered all search warrants quashed; any future reports that Bormann has been sighted will be officially ignored.

So if you're still hiding out there somewhere, Martin Bormann, it's safe to come home now.

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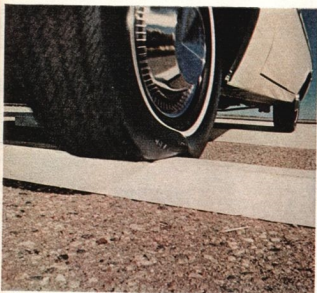


GOODYEAR

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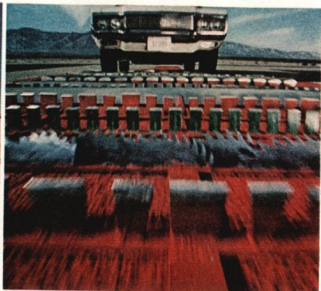
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The Steelgard radial tire has a computer-designed tread pattern. In wet weather, four deep grooves provide an effective route to channel the water from under the tire. This action helps keep the tread firmly on the road in the wet.



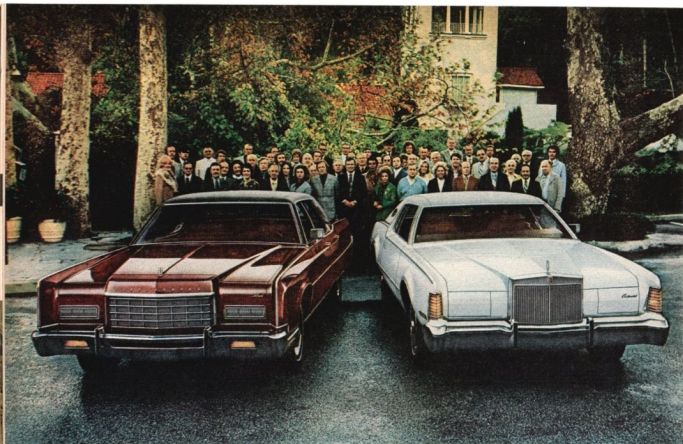
4 Guard 4: Against Loss of Road Contact on Curves.

Two special grooves help the tread and the sidewall to work independently of each other. In some radial tires the tread may tend to lift from the road on curves. In the Goodyear Steelgard tire, the sidewall can flex outward while the tread remains firm for traction.



5 Guard 5: Against Sluggish Handling.

Every Goodyear Steelgard radial tire has special stabilizers built into the lower sidewalls. They act as a reinforcement to provide positive reaction to changes of direction. This helps allow recovery on sudden swerves—for confident handling and control.



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The first test was for riding comfort. Blindfolded, the 100 owners rode in a 1973 Lincoln Continental and in the other make of luxury sedan.

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64 out of 100 picked the Lincoln Continental.

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100 owners were asked to drive a 1973 Continental Mark IV, and the comparable model of the other make, and to judge which car was easier to drive.

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SWISS FIREMEN PROBE THROUGH DEBRIS AT VANGUARD CRASH SITE NEAR BASEL
The shopping spree ended on a snowy plateau.

tour" to Switzerland. They were singing and chatting when they received routine orders to fasten their seat belts and were told: "We will be landing at Basel Airport within ten minutes." Oscar Papa never made it.

Though the visibility of 900 yds. was well within the Vanguard's safety zone and the pilot made the prescribed approach, he announced to the controllers in the airport tower that he wanted to try again. After a second turn, the Vanguard, sinking rapidly, was in a perfect slot for landing. But to the controller's surprise, the pilot suddenly said that he had overshot the runway. Then radio contact broke off.

The Vanguard's wing hit a tree, and the plane spun into a wooded plateau under full power, cutting a swath through the firs as the front part of the fuselage disintegrated in a shower of metal fragments and human bodies. Of the 144 aboard, only 39 survived.

A British team of investigators recovered the Vanguard's "black box" flight recorder and took it to London for analysis. Said John Owen, head of the team: "It is obvious that the pilot was not where he thought he was. It is hoped that the tapes from the black box, when they are analyzed, will explain why."

While the reasons for last week's accident are being studied, the crash gave added impact to a controversial report issued just days earlier by the British Airline Pilots Association. The 150-page report blames six of the ten major crashes of British airlines between 1966 and 1970 on nothing more complicated than pilot fatigue. It noted that all six crashes, in which 257 lives were lost, occurred during take-off and landing, "when the work load is highest and fatigue at its worst." In five of the accidents, "the crew apparently flew a fully serviceable aircraft into the ground."

Some of the near misses were almost equally frightening. One captain on an intercontinental flight to Darwin,

Australia, reported that after 14 hours of duty and 25 hours without sleep, "both my first officers fell asleep more than once . . . and, in fact, I had to waken one of them to give him the approach briefing." Another pilot dozed off while awaiting clearance to take off on a London to Frankfurt flight. In one instance, an exhausted flight crew missed an airport altogether. It landed at Sharjah on the Persian Gulf rather than at Dubai, which is six miles away.

LIBERIA

Speedy at Work

Liberia's ramshackle capital of Monrovia used to look a little like a gigantic Mississippi riverboat minstrel show. The men at the Masonic Lodge dressed in top hats and black morning coats; the ladies at the Baptist church wore flowing skirts and bandannas; and everybody spoke in an exaggerated Deep South drawl. In these mannerisms they imitated both their forebears, freedmen who returned from the U.S. in 1822 and subsequently founded Africa's first republic, and their president, William Vacanarat Shadrach ("Uncle Shad") Tubman, who ran the country with a kind of dandified despotism from 1944 until his death in 1971.

Today the old ways are changing. Monrovia is still beset by some of the worst slums in Africa, and they lie within 500 yards of Tubman's splendiferous \$15 million Executive Mansion. But the man in the mansion today, William Richard Tolbert Jr., 59, has plans for reform, and he seems to mean business. Very few Liberians expected anything like that. Tolbert had served 19 silent and subservient years as Vice President under "Uncle Shad." He also came from the same small elite of "Americo-Liberians" who have ruled the country pretty much in their own interests for more than a century. (There are 45,000

THE WORLD

Americo-Liberians in a population of 1,500,000, and they hold virtually all the nation's wealth.)

On Inauguration Day in 1971, however, Tolbert toured his capital in a Volkswagen instead of the Tubman Cadillac, and he showed up for the swearing-in ceremony in an open-neck, short-sleeved safari suit instead of the Tubman top hat. He also got rid of his predecessor's \$2,000,000 yacht.

More important, Tolbert dismantled Tubman's four competing security services, purged the corrupt police department and encouraged the long-muzzled press to speak out. He shook up the somnolent civil service by showing up at the stroke of 8 a.m. to demand that government offices open on time.

One night Tolbert slept in the slums of Monrovia and announced next day a program of "mats to mattresses" aimed at giving every Liberian a proper bed. As a means of developing the backward and neglected interior, he called for a year-long "national rally" to raise \$10 million in development funds before his 60th birthday next month. The goal was utterly unrealistic; by last week the campaign had collected less than \$2,000,000, including \$250,000 cajoled from the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., the country's largest employer. But Tolbert defends his fund raising as a symbolic success. "We don't want a classless society," he says, "but we must narrow the gulf between the too few who are high and the too many who are low."

In his foreign policy, Tolbert has gone a long way toward shedding Liberia's reputation as a docile U.S. colony. While staying on good terms with the U.S., he has established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. He has wheedled a better deal out of foreign concessionaires who export Liberia's iron ore and rubber, increasing the revenues to his treasury.

KEYSTONE



PRESIDENT WILLIAM TOLBERT
Neither yacht nor top hat.

THE WORLD

sury by some \$5,000,000 a year. He is hoping to attract another \$700 million from U.S. and Japanese sources for a huge new iron-ore project at Wologisi (estimated reserves: up to a billion tons).

Liberia urgently needs to expand its agricultural production—the price of imported rice, its diet staple, has doubled in the past two years—but it has little money for development. A full third of the budget goes to service the national debt, and he has still not combed out all of the excesses of the Tubman era.

Two weeks ago, Tolbert suddenly announced that he had uncovered a plot against his regime—a rarity in Liberia, which has not had a successful coup since 1870. Three military men were arrested, but the armed forces chief of staff publicly denounced the plotters' "dastardly deed" and announced a \$50,000 contribution by his officers and men to the President's cherished development fund. For the most part, Liberians seem to be delighted with Tolbert's informal manner, and they have even taken to calling him "Speedy." Tubman would have been appalled, but Tolbert does not seem to mind. "If we can manage to speed things up in this country," he says, "I don't care what they call me."

SIKKIM

Alarums in Cloudland

When Sikkim's benign and enlightened King Palden Thondup Namgyal was crowned eight years ago in Gangtok, he offered this pledge for himself and his queen, former New York Debutante Hope Cooke: "Together may we make Sikkim a paradise on earth." Today, Indian troops patrol his capital and his dreams of paradise look dark.

Sikkim's precarious position on the Tibetan frontier has long worried India, which is responsible for the Himalayan protectorate's foreign relations and defense and keeps a careful eye on domestic affairs as well. The immediate cause for the disturbances, however, is a controversy over Sikkim's bewildering electoral system, which is artfully arranged to keep opposition politicians in a minority in the 24-member legislature. When the ballots were counted after the most recent elections, in late March, the King's Sikkim National Party emerged with eleven seats and the two opposition parties with seven. Yet the opposition parties are backed by most of the Nepalese who make up 75% of Sikkim's

population of 200,000. When the King exercised his statutory right to nominate six more legislators, four of these seats—and thus a clear majority—went to his supporters. The thwarted Nepalese erupted in noisy protests. That is not so unusual, but what came next was distinctly out of the ordinary.

Thousands of angry demonstrators stormed into Gangtok to lay siege to the King's palace. They demanded his removal, as well as a written constitution and various administrative reforms. Though Indian officials in Sikkim barred foreign reporters from the country, a few details of the fighting filtered out. In a telephone interview from Gangtok, 20-year-old Crown Prince Tenzing Namgyal made a series of oblique references to "the element outside us that has been causing problems ... we have several times been approached by the political officer to hand over all power to the government of ...," at which point the telephone line briefly went dead. Later in the interview, the King came on the line and predicted that he would be back in full control within 24 or 48 hours. The next day, however, the Indian government, which had some 25,000 troops stationed in Sikkim, took over because of what it called "the complete breakdown of law and order." The demonstrations thereupon stopped.

As Sikkim quieted down, more charges of Indian intrigue were heard. Interviewed in Hong Kong, the King's sister, Princess Pema Tseuden Yapshi-Pheunkhang, charged that Indian intelligence agents were behind the troubles. "The powers of intelligence must be curbed," she added, warning that India is "making trouble for itself" in taking over full control. Late in the week, however, there were reports from New Delhi quoting the King as saying that he and the Indians had come to a "close and confident" understanding to grant the opposition "most of their political demands." As for how this would work out, the King said that discussions would last several months.

ARGENTINA

Crime Does Pay

As Kodak Executive Anthony da Cruz drove down the highway on the way to his plant near Buenos Aires, a green Ford truck suddenly swerved in front of him near a point where four workers were installing a traffic sign. Da Cruz slammed on the brakes and was rammed from behind by a Fiat pickup. The four "workmen" and four men in the Fiat all rushed forward and hustled Da Cruz away. Five days later, just before releasing the 38-year-old Portuguese American near the spot where they had seized him, the kidnapers gave local newspapers a photograph that showed Da Cruz, who is Kodak's No. 2 man in Argentina, standing dejectedly



Clockwise from top: Mt. Kanchenjunga (28,000 ft.), world's third highest, on Sikkim's border; King Palden Thondup Namgyal; his queen, the former Hope Cooke; some subjects demonstrating.

in front of a sign: \$1,500,000 RECOVERED FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE FOR SOCIALISM.

By now the kidnapping of officials and executives by various ill-defined political guerrilla groups has become almost epidemic. Two hundred cases have occurred in the past two years. So far this year, there has been an average of one reported kidnapping every three days, and many more go unreported.

Several of these victims have cost their employers small fortunes. The "Vestey interests," a British conglomerate, paid a reported \$1,000,000 in December to free the kidnapped head of its Argentine operations. The Argentine manager of Boston's First National Bank was released after the bank paid a \$750,000 ransom. Another \$1.5 million ransom was reportedly paid for the British president of Argentina's largest cigarette company, who was released last week. His wife, convinced from the start that his company would pay whatever ransom was demanded, went on television to admonish the kidnappers to "give him a comfortable bed and a little whisky now and then to keep his spirits up."

Killings. The kidnappers get their money because they are in deadly earnest, as they proved last week, when a group called the People's Revolutionary Army announced that it had "executed" Rear Admiral Francisco Aleman, a former chief of naval intelligence who disappeared on April 2. Last month, too, kidnappers crashed their truck into the car of Colonel Héctor Iribarren, chief of intelligence for the Third Army Corps, and, when the dazed officer grappled with them, they killed him with a point-blank burst of automatic weapon fire.

The foreign business community provides the kidnappers with lots of targets—the American Chamber of Commerce in Argentina counts 400 U.S. companies and hundreds of executives among its members. Some of these executives now carry guns, others follow complicated routes to and from work; some even change residences weekly.

The kidnappers are little better than bandits, but many of them claim to be acting either for socialism or for Peronism. President-elect Héctor Cámpora, who was voted into power last month as the representative of the exiled Juan Perón, has asked the guerrillas to "grant us a truce" until after his government is installed May 25. There is little sign of that happening.

Last week Argentina's present military government struck back, sending out some 100,000 troops to sweep Buenos Aires in a search for guerrillas. Cámpora's promise to release jailed guerrillas who will work for "national liberation" brought a stinging rebuke from General Elbio Anaya, the Second Army Corps commander whose predecessor was gunned down by guerrillas. The army, said Anaya, will not permit amnesty for "vulgar, unscrupulous assassins" under any circumstances.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Out of the Shadows

Pale and unsmiling, the diminutive Mao-suited official walked into the grand banquet hall of Peking's Great Hall of the People one day last week. He paused uncertainly at the door, but protocol officials hustled him over to stand in line with Premier Chou En-lai and greet guests at a dinner honoring Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk. In this low-key style, Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, now 69, returned from the shadows that have enveloped him since 1966, when he was purged along with Chief of State Liu Shao-chi



TENG HSIAO-PING
Low-keyed return.

as "one of a handful of party leaders who took the capitalist road."

Teng had once ranked fourth in the party hierarchy (behind Mao, Liu and Chou, and just ahead of the now-dead Defense Minister Lin Biao); he was party General Secretary and a member of the Politburo. Accused in the early months of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Teng confessed immediately, admitting that "my thought and attitude were incompatible with Mao's thought." His return to at least a degree of prominence (he now seems to rank about 20th in the hierarchy, though he has not regained his party posts) is another indication of Mao's continuing effort to reunite the leadership. But Teng's duties are modest: he is believed to have been put to work reorganizing the youth corps.

And Now, Disarticulation

A combination of prosperity and censorship has diverted attention from the Brazilian military regime's arbitrary arrests of political opponents. Now the arrests are increasing (at least 1,000 in the past three months). Part of the new crackdown is a heavy emphasis

on ensuring that suspected subversives never cause trouble again. The routine is called "disarticulation," a word that is used in Brazil to mean the "breaking up of a gang." A student in São Paulo was rather severely disarticulated earlier this month, for example, after apparently reneging on a promise to finger one of his friends. Before springing the trap, he supposedly went to a bar and ordered a beer, then suddenly dashed into the street to elude his police monitors and was never again seen alive. The police duly produced a truck driver who explained to reporters that he had accidentally run down the student and killed him. However, reliable sources report that there never was any truck and that the student himself was buried before anyone thought of producing a driver.

Wanted: A Superambassador

The post of U.S. Ambassador to Moscow has been vacant for three months now, and both the Kremlin and the State Department are getting impatient for President Nixon to choose someone soon. Russian officials hope His Excellency will be a political appointee with little expertise in Soviet affairs, preferably a businessman who will devote himself to promoting trade—avoiding all ideology or messy matters like Jewish emigration and intellectual dissenters.

Many State Department professionals, however, are hoping against hope that the new ambassador will be one of their own. If Nixon does decide on a Soviet expert, there is a consensus among Foreign Service officers that it will be Malcolm Toon, a veteran Kremlinologist who has served two previous tours of duty in Moscow, and is currently Ambassador to Yugoslavia.

Another Small Step

The current world tour by Mexico's President Luis Echeverría produced a modest but unexpected diplomatic bonus last week. During Echeverría's visit in Paris, President Georges Pompidou announced that France would associate itself with the Treaty of Tlatelolco, a pact signed in 1967 by 21 Caribbean and Latin American nations (not including Cuba) to bar all nuclear weapons in the region from Mexico to Tierra del Fuego.

Britain ratified a separate protocol in 1969, pledging not to use or threaten to use nuclear weapons in the treaty territory; the U.S. ratified the same protocol in 1971. The Soviets and Chinese have so far ignored invitations to add their signatures. Since France has neither military bases nor obvious political ambitions in Latin America, its decision to join the treaty is mainly symbolic. Nonetheless, diplomats note that this is the first instance in which France has accepted significant geographical limitations on its use of nuclear force.

PEOPLE

Flying in from her home in Hawaii, **Clare Boothe Luce** caught a Philadelphia performance of the Broadway-bound revival of her 1936 hit *The Women*. Later in Manhattan, dozens of old and new friends, including Senator and Mrs. **Jacob Javits**, Mrs. **William F. Buckley Jr.**, author **David Halberstam**, Director **Joshua Logan** and his wife, gathered at "21" to celebrate Mrs. Luce's 70th birthday. The party was given by her stepson **Henry Luce III** and New York City Parks Commissioner **Richard Clurman** and his wife. Actress **Illa Chase** toasted Mrs. Luce for pro-

viding "the best 18 months of my life," her starring role in the original production of *The Women*. Having blown out the one candle on her cake, Mrs. Luce said that she had been "37 years before my time" with the theme of love in the play: "Now even the post office has it on a stamp." Another guest to offer a toast was Journalist-Author **Theodore White**; he compared the evening to the lyrical impulses of Chinese Tang Dynasty poets, who were able to mix the past and future in such images as "floating candles and wine cups downstream." Said White: "Clare is past and future."

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE & THEODORE WHITE



MARK SPITZ & SUSAN WEINER

Olympic Champion **Mark Spitz**, 23, recently recovered from a case of hepatitis that doctors think he picked up in Munich, has not gone swimming in months. "I don't miss it at all," he says. "It was twelve years of awfully hard work and I got my rewards." One of the rewards—Spitz has signed advertising contracts worth an estimated \$5,000,000—is a \$65,000, 39-ft. citron-yellow Ericson motor sailer, which he bought to celebrate his engagement to Susan Weiner, 21, a sometime model and the daughter of a Los Angeles steel executive. "The whole world knows I am getting married on May 6," Spitz boasted, but was uncharacteristically modest about his career in show biz. "I have to be cautious. There are a lot of great actors out there."

Teeing off for the coed pro-am section of the second annual Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle tournament in Palm Springs, Calif., were **Ray Bolger**, **Glen Campbell**, **Phil Harris**, **Rita Hayworth**, **Robert Stack**, **Lawrence Welk**, **George Plimpton** and, naturally **Dinah**. Attention seemed to be focused on the couple that tied for 15th place with Pro Donna Caponi Young and Mrs. Morton Downey. They were **Frank Sinatra** and **Barbara Marx**, the estranged wife of **Zeppo Marx**, a tall, fortyish

BARBARA MARX & FRANK SINATRA



blonde who has often been seen playing tennis with **Spiro T. Agnew**. Although Frank and Barbara have been together a lot lately, Sinatra's press agent insisted that there were no wedding plans.

On his way back to Saigon from the U.S., South Vietnamese President **Nguyen Van Thieu** got the cold shoulder throughout Europe. Britain's Prime Minister **Ted Heath** decided to helicopter Thieu to a private meeting at Chequers rather than chance an ugly demonstration in Whitehall. In Bonn, 2,500 leftist rioters wrecked the 18th century town hall to protest the visit, while in Hannover, Chancellor **Willy Brandt** bluntly told a cheering audience: "Some visitors one would rather see leaving than coming." Chopped over Rome, again to avoid demonstrators, Thieu dropped in at the Vatican, where **Pope Paul VI** urged him to release his political prisoners. Later, at a news conference, Thieu contended that there were only 5,081 "Communist criminals" in prisons in South Vietnam.

Heisman Trophy Winner **Johnny Rodgers**, a three-time All-America at Nebraska, also happens to be the Peck's Bad Boy of the Cornhuskers. The fleet-footed running back was sentenced to 30 days in a Lincoln, Neb., jail for driving with a suspended license. Rodgers' lawyer had attempted to get him a work release program at Boys Town, the school near Omaha for orphans and other underprivileged youngsters. But the director, Monsignor Nicholas H. Wegner, seemed to think they had no room for big bad boys. "We don't want him," he said.

Seven years after the death of English Novelist **Evelyn Waugh**, his diary—a minor masterpiece of snobism and malicious observations—is being published in seven installments by the *London Observer*. In 1930, when Waugh was busy with the social-literary set, he wrote: "After dinner I went to the Savoy Theater and said: 'I am Evelyn Waugh. Please give me a seat.' So they did. I saw the last two acts of Paul Robeson's *Othello*. Hopeless production but I like his great black booby face." Waugh also noted disapprovingly that Poet **Edith Sitwell** and her family lived on terms of "feudal familiarity" with their servants. "Come on, one of you's got to go," said the footman, trying to persuade Edith or her reluctant brothers, **Osbert** and **Sacheverell**, to go upstairs to visit their mother. After lunching at the Ritz with **Noel Coward**, Waugh commented: "He has a simple, friendly nature. No brains and a theatrical manner."



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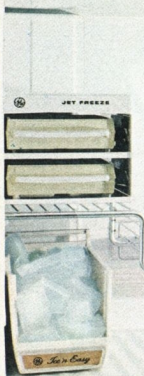


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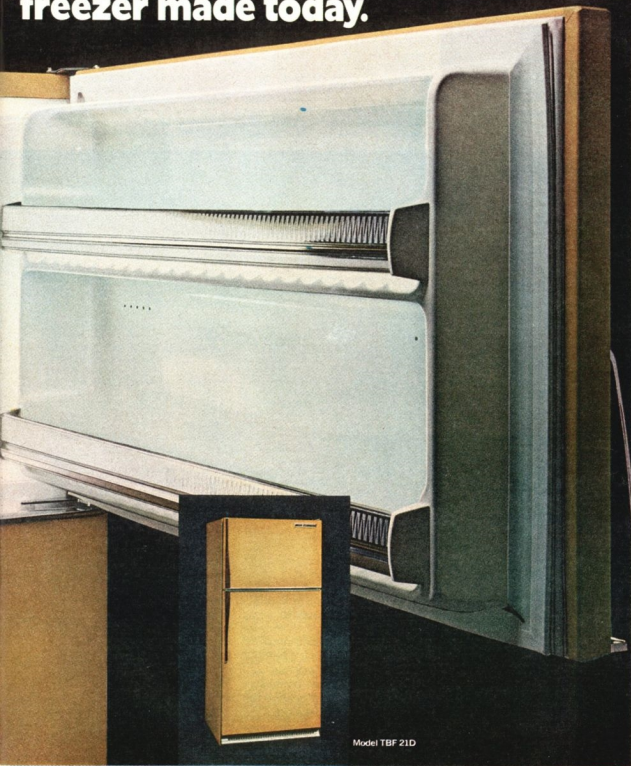
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Justice Uncoiled

"A disgrace," said the Brooklyn district attorney. The judge heartily agreed, as he vacated the attempted-rape conviction. Thus last week George Whitmore, 28, was finally released from a Dickensian legal nightmare in which police, courts and prisons had entangled his life for nine long years.

In 1963 Janice Wylie, a *Newsweek* research assistant and niece of Author Philip Wylie, and her schoolteacher roommate, Emily Hoffert, were sadistically beaten and stabbed to death in their Manhattan apartment. Picked up eight months later for questioning about another crime, Whitmore, a black laborer, had a picture of a white girl on him that looked to police like Miss Wylie. Within hours, interrogators had extracted a confession not only to the Wylie-Hoffert murders, but also to another stabbing murder and to an attempted rape.

Whitmore was never tried in the Wylie-Hoffert case, however, because another man was found and convicted of the killings. Accordingly, that charge was dropped, and so was the other murder charge after a trial ended in a hung jury. Nonetheless, the state tenaciously prosecuted him three times for the attempted rape; the third time, his conviction survived appeals. It was that verdict that fell last week after the prosecutor's office learned that the victim had picked out a mug shot of her assailant at a time when no mug shot of Whitmore was in police files.

"It just became very important for someone to stick him with something," commented Selwyn Raab, a New York City reporter who dogged the case over the years and helped turn up the evidence that finally liberated Whitmore. "The honor of the police was at stake." Though his wife divorced him and disappeared with their two daughters—and though he was imprisoned for

nearly four years—Whitmore claimed he was not bitter toward anyone. Less forgiving, his lawyers were considering suing the city or state for malicious prosecution.

The Gang's All Here

It started as the first shift of prisoners was marching out of the mess hall at the Illinois State Penitentiary at Pontiac; the next group came shuffling by, headed toward the tables. Suddenly more than 100 convicts were battling with cleaning utensils, metal trays and homemade knives. The melee lasted until a guard fired tear-gas grenades into the hall 20 minutes later—too late to save the lives of two young convicts who had been stabbed.

Their deaths last December were violent evidence of a serious new form of prison unrest. They did not die in an ordinary penitentiary riot, but in a full-scale street-gang rumble, transported virtually intact from the Chicago slums into the prison. Gang activity now plagues penal systems not only in Illinois but in California, New Jersey and New York, among others. Indeed, nearly every prison that draws inmates from large urban areas these days must deal with gangs operating behind bars.

At Pontiac the problem is especially acute. Two years ago, police began a crackdown on such Chicago gang "nations" as the Black P. Stones, Black Disciples and Vice Lords. Today, there are probably as many members inside Pontiac as on the streets. After the fatal rumble, most prisoners were kept "on deadlock"—that is, in their cells all day as well as all night. Only this month were the final 200 inmates released from deadlock. With the return to comparative calm, *TIME* Correspondent Joseph Boyce was admitted to Pontiac and talked with inmate leaders about the killings and what might happen next. His report:

All four prisoners were in their early 20s—tough, street-smart, prison-wise. They compared jails the way Yalies compare prep schools. They shied away from pointing to specific causes for the fight. "All the tensions just came out," said Earl Moore, Pontiac head of the Disciples. Gang rivalries had been going on for some time. According to the leaders, each organization had preserved some form of identification—either a private greeting that members gave each other or special berets or insignia they were permitted to wear. Fights that normally would have remained disputes between two individuals exploded into confrontations between the exclusively black gangs. The grapevine was ripe with ominous rumors about a mass confrontation. But "no one realized that someone might



EARL MOORE, RUDY MOORE & BROOKS
The rumor man has to validate.

lose his life," said John ("Shaka") Parker, an editor of the prison newsletter.

Afterward, while the cons were on deadlock, Warden John Petrilli began meeting with the gang leaders. "At first everyone came and just glared at each other," said Rudy Moore, chief of the Black P. Stones. The initial meetings were heated and dominated by loud talk and bad-mouthing. But, said Rudy, "it finally dawned on us that this wasn't too hot." Gradually agreements were reached: recruiting was prohibited; there would be no interference with a guard disciplining an inmate; an organization leader was to be held accountable for the actions of members; disputes were to be negotiated.

The leaders also agreed to crack down on the prison rumor mill. "Before," said Rudy, "if a guy saw a Stone [Black P. Stone] with a knife, he'd go and tell the Ds [Disciples]." Added Andrew ("Candy Blue") Brooks, boss of the Vice Lords: "Now when a dude makes that kind of charge, he is brought before the leaders. Now the rumor man has to validate his stories." Finally, a drive was organized by the leaders to dispose of all "shanks" (knives). "What we have here now," Earl Moore said, "is a sort of United Nations to settle disagreements. The U.N. folks have their SALT talks; we have our shank talks."

The leaders were not eager to relinquish all organizational individuality, and Petrilli was reluctant to press too hard. Members continue to give gang salutes. "The guys still identify as members," admitted Rudy, "but it's more like belonging to a political party."

Despite all the talk about détente, things are not settled at Pontiac. No one has yet been charged in the knifings during the mess-hall scrape, and between 25 and 30 cons believed to have been most involved are still isolated in a special cell unit. Petrilli has long been criticized by guards and others for working with the gangs instead of trying to break them up. But, he argues, "the gangs didn't form here. The men have their own leadership—they came in with it." He is still committed to the delicate task of trying to use that structure to restore peace at Pontiac.

WHITMORE, LAWYER & RAAB (SEATED)



COVER STORY

The Jesuits' Search For a New Identity

If ever any Congregation of Men could merit eternal Perdition on Earth and in Hell, it is the company of Loyola.

—John Adams, writing to Thomas Jefferson, in 1816

The expense is reckoned, the enterprise is begun; it is of God, it cannot be withstood.

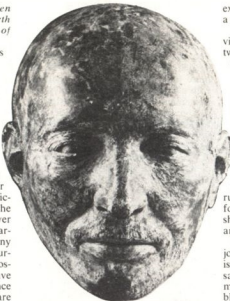
—Edmund Campion, S.J., in 1581, shortly before being hanged, drawn and quartered

SOME of their critics have consigned them, in holy outrage, to the lower regions of hell. Some of their defenders, with equally fervent conviction, see them as saints destined for the higher reaches of heaven. Whatever their presumed destination, they are arguably the most remarkable company of men to embark on a spiritual journey since Jesus chose the Twelve Apostles. With a certain pride, they have adopted the name their enemies once used against them in derision. They are the Jesuits.

Their founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, wanted them to be all things to all men, and even in today's pluralistic secular world it sometimes seems that they are. Apart from their shared religious identity and their common appendage—S.J., for the Society of Jesus—they are a bewilderingly diverse fraternity. They are seismologists, swamis, architects and engineers, theologians and winemakers, politicians, lawyers, social workers, astronomers, revolutionaries, economists—as well as missionaries, teachers and parish priests. The dictionary lists the adjective *jesuitical* as a condemnation—"given to intrigue or equivocation"—but the title of Jesuit also carries the tradition of their aggressive brilliance.

Mystics. From the very beginning, they have been originals. When Ignatius first brought together his handful of friends 439 years ago, he gave the Christian world a revolutionary creation. They were a company of men who chose the discipline but rejected the shared observances of a religious order so that they could free themselves for work among their fellow men, a band of mystics who chose to find their enlightenment in a combative encounter with the world around them. Like religious orders before them—Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans—they pledged themselves to strict obedience but, like the Renaissance men they were, they also preserved a high regard for individual talent and initiative.

The synthesis of discipline and free-



HEAD OF ST. IGNATIUS, FROM DEATH MASK

dom proved to be formidable. It has kept them at the cutting edge of Roman Catholicism, and often on the frontiers of Western civilization. It is an exposed position, open alike to opportunity, risk and scorn. As a result of it, the Jesuits have become, both inside and outside the church, the objects of perennial controversy.

They are still in the vanguard, still vulnerable, still controversial. Today, the Society of Jesus is a microcosm of the tensions and turmoil that are sweeping the Roman Catholic Church as a whole. The old certainty that guided the Jesuits for so long has vanished; the new anxieties have arrived. Says Father David Tracy, a non-Jesuit theologian at the University of Chicago's Divinity School: "At one time, when you were seeking an answer, you'd find a Jesuit. Today, when you are looking for a question, you find a Jesuit."

Conservative Catholics, especially, are distressed that an order claiming a special fealty to the Pope should so often include some of the most vehement critics of the church; that what was once the church's first line of defense should now seem to be a fifth column. Many Catholic parents complain, for example, that their sons attending Jesuit schools are sheltered from neither the drug culture, early sex, political radicalism nor the general youthful antagonism to modern society. A young St. Louis Jesuit counters: "We no longer

exist to give the conservative Catholic a pat on the back."

Within the society itself, there is a visible—and highly audible—gap between the enthusiasts of *aggiornamento* and the defenders of older, stricter ways. Older Jesuits remember when their priestly training took 15 years, much of it in acute isolation from the world: some lived through most of World War II without hearing a radio or seeing a newspaper. The new Jesuit must still spend perhaps ten years in preparation, but he may live in fraternity-style surroundings in Berkeley, in Cambridge, Mass., or in Manhattan. Under the old rule of *tactus*, Jesuit seminarians were forbidden even to put an arm on the shoulder of a buddy; now they greet one another with warm *abrazos*.

Ordained, the young Jesuits now join a fluid, sometimes flamboyant ministry. John Crillo, a San Diego Jesuit, says a free-form English Mass in homemade vestments of peacock greens, blues and yellows; some older colleagues in the order still stick doggedly to the superseded Latin Mass. Other older Jesuits, like Marquette University Historian Paul Prucha, resent the "diletantism" of the young: "They think they're taking theology by taking courses in the theology of the theater or theology of ecology." Together with a growing cadre of radicalized older Jesuits, many younger ones sharply criticize the order's acquisition of property at the expense of the freedom of poverty—the inhibiting burdens, for instance, of vast educational plants.

Mating Dance. Now that the church and the order are trying to understand and learn from the world, many Jesuits are disoriented, looking in vain for the old landmarks: the triumphalist faith, the proud discipline. The tight old Jesuit houses offer little solace. Deserted by the young and the adventurous in favor of small communal residences or private apartments, many of the houses have become sadly depopulated. Too many Jesuits no longer seem to be able to recognize one another. Says Jesuit Kenneth Baker, editor of *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*: "Ten years ago when you met a fellow Jesuit, you knew that he was a brother and that his experiences and thoughts would be like yours. Now when you meet a Jesuit for the first time, it's like the mating dance of the crabs—trying to find out if the other crab is male or female." There are Jesuits young and old all across the spectrum of opinion. Observed Catholic Journalist John Cogley

in an accurate bit of doggerel in the Jesuit weekly *America*: "There are Jesuits left and Jesuits right/ A pro and con for most any fight/ So wherever you stand, you stand not alone/ Every little movement has a Jebbie of its own."

It is an odd position, almost a public embarrassment, for an order of such traditional rigidity—"the long black line"—to play out its differences before the world. Older Jesuits feel lost in a dangerous indiscipline; the younger members sense themselves on a ragged edge of change. The clenched dictum promulgated in Jesuit schools, *Age quod agis* (Do what you are doing) begins to seem like a narrow tunnel vision, tempting sidelong glances at the confusing larger world.

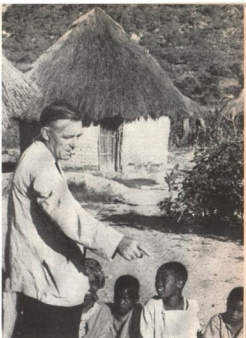
Departures. As with the church, the current Jesuit controversy has been simmering for years, but it came to a boil as the Second Vatican Council drew to a close. The society's superior general, John Baptist Janssens, died, and the order convened in 1965 one of its rare "general congregations," both to elect a successor and adjust its ways to the council's rapprochement with the modern world. Jesuit superiors and provincial representatives from around the world converged on Rome. The man they elected as the society's 28th general (to serve, like the Pope, for life) was a career missionary named Pedro Arrupe, the first Basque to head the order since Ignatius himself. Something of a mystic, also like Ignatius, Arrupe, now 65, presides over the troubled order today with disarming calm and good cheer.

He needs it. The Jesuits are already a smaller order than the one Arrupe took over in 1965. Though still the largest religious order in the Roman Catholic Church, they have suffered the same kind of attrition that has affected other groups of priests and nuns. There were 36,000 Jesuit priests, brothers and scholastics in 1966, but by the end of 1972 there were fewer than 31,000. Some of the lost numbers are men abandoning the order—so many in recent years that the newspaper of the society's Oregon province has a feature headlined DEATHS—LEAVES—DEPARTURES. The emigrants are not merely from the ranks, either. U.S. Jesuits who have left have included such eminent names as Theologian Bernard Cooke, Maryland Provincial Edward Sponga and former Woodstock College Rector Felix Cardagna. In addition, the number of new recruits has plunged, especially in developed countries. The U.S.—the society's largest national community with 6,600 Jesuits—used to get some 350 novices each year; now it is down to fewer than 100.

"The Jesuits are in crisis because we are in a world of cri-

sis," says Father John Blewett, who advises Arrupe on educational matters. Indian Jesuit Herbert de Souza observes that Jesuits react to the crisis in one of two ways: "Some of us become numbed while others overreact. There will be a split among thinking men, especially devoted thinking men, in a crisis situation. They will often clash head-on because of a common devotion." Arrupe presides over a sometimes chaotic variety of individuals, whose special Jesuit intensity, a quality of the breed, often gives them individualistic interpretations of the society's slogan, *Ad maiorem*

FATHER NICK WEBER IN CIRCUS ACT



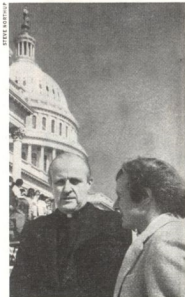
ENGLISH JESUIT MISSIONARY IN RHODESIA



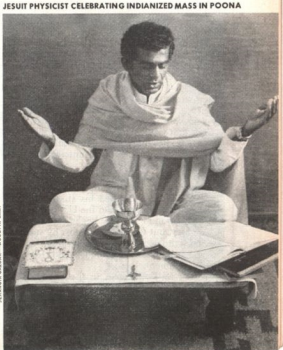
NIXON AIDE McLAUGHLIN



MOVIE ACTOR O'MALLEY



CONGRESSMAN DRINAN AT CAPITOL



JESUIT PHYSICIST CELEBRATING INDIANIZED MASS IN POONA

RELIGION

em Dei gloriam (To the greater glory of God). Some examples:

► Father Robert Drinan, onetime dean of the law school at the Jesuits' Boston College, is now a Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts' Third District with a 100% A.D.A. rating. He has irritated conservative Catholics with his stand on the Viet Nam War (vehemently opposed), tax credits for parochial schools (opposed), and abortion laws (opposed because he feels abortion is a moral, not a legal issue). Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol has stated publicly that Drinan should resign from Congress.

► Another Jesuit, the Rev. John McLaughlin, joined the White House staff in 1971 as a speechwriter for President Richard Nixon. A former associate editor of *America* magazine and a defeated antiwar Republican candidate for the Senate from Rhode Island in 1970, McLaughlin became a vocal supporter of Nixon's Viet Nam strategy. This has prompted Jesuit William Van Etten Ca-

sey of Massachusetts' College of the Holy Cross to call him "a Judas."

► Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (TIME cover, Jan. 25, 1971), convicted of destroying draft records, led the FBI on a merry chase up and down the Eastern seaboard, finally to be carted off, smiling, by two stern-faced agents. He was paroled from prison last year after serving 18 months.

► Shortly after Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos declared martial law last September, American Jesuit Vincent Cullen was clapped into jail. The reason: Cullen was a social action director on the island of Mindanao, where his labors on behalf of minorities and poor farmers in a land dispute provoked the wrath of local officials. Now Cullen has been released, but is under the custody of the Philippines provincial. While Cullen chafes, a fellow Jesuit, Father James Donelan, regularly offers Mass at Marcos' Malacañang Palace, and other Jesuits have given retreats for the President.

► Jesuits are at loggerheads in Latin America over a Christian-Marxist synthesis known as the "theology of liberation." A Chilean Jesuit, 50-year-old Gonzalo Arroyo, wants to put its principles into action through a cadre of Christian Marxists called the "Group of Eighty" (TIME, June 5). But longtime Political Activist Roger Veke-mans, a Belgian Jesuit who has spent years backing Christian social democracy in Latin America (most particularly Chile's former President Frei), decries the theology of liberation as simplistic and totalitarian.

► Young Dutch Jesuits who were popular student pastors in Amsterdam created a stir when they married but insisted on continuing their ministry. The controversy has left the Jesuits in The Netherlands split fifty-fifty between sympathy for the student pastors and sympathy for a growing group of hard-line conservatives.

► In San Diego, Calif., an inner-city Jesuit parish called Christ the King be-

Witness to the Apocalypse

HIS face is thinner than that of the order's founder, but his high, broad forehead and strong nose bear the same Basque imprint. It is an open face, quick to smile. "He is optimistic by disease," says one colleague. But the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe has reason to be optimistic. He is a survivor of a cataclysm next to which the problems of his Jesuits must instantly pale. As rector of a Jesuit novitiate in wartime Japan, he was in Nagatsuka, a suburb of Hiroshima, on Aug. 6, 1945, when the atomic bomb struck. "Arrupe," says a Jesuit associate, "has seen the Apocalypse."

Arrupe started toward that rendezvous in Hiroshima some two decades earlier in Madrid, where he had gone to study medicine. The only son among five children of a wealthy architect and newspaper publisher, he had grown up in comfort in the Basque city of Bilbao. The slums of Madrid shocked him: "I found terrible suffering—widows with children begging for bread, sick people begging for medicine, waifs running through the streets like stray dogs."

The daily visits to the slums pricked Arrupe's conscience. "I began asking, 'Why did I come into this world?'" he later wrote. He made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, where he witnessed what he was certain were three miraculous healings. "I felt that God was calling me not only to cure bodies but also to cure souls." In 1927, at the age of 19, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Loyola.

When the new, anticlerical Republican government expelled Spanish Jesuits in 1932, Arrupe finished his studies in other parts of Europe and the U.S. After his ordination in 1936, he began to study psychiatry, but was stopped short by superiors who were then uneasy about a marriage between Jesus and Freud. His new assignment: Japan.

At a mission parish in the western Honshu city of Yamaguchi, Arrupe be-

came an aggressive Japanophile. So well did he learn the language (one of the seven he speaks) that he went on to write eight books in it. He also wrote haiku, studied calligraphy, practiced the tea ceremony. Once he advertised a "great concert" at the church. The musicians proved to be three Jesuits, one of them Arrupe. He still likes to sing Spanish songs at the top of his lungs in a deep bass.

Arrupe was transferred to Nagatsuka in 1942. When the bomb fell on Hiroshima, his old medical experience proved priceless. Disregarding reports of poisonous gases in the ruins, he and his fellow Jesuits waded into the smoldering city, taking victims back to the temporary infirmary they had set up in the novitiate.

Arrupe stayed in Japan for 27 years; when the country became a Jesuit province in 1958, he became its first provincial, a post he held until his election as superior general. He still loves Japan, but mourns the "brusque change of values" that brought abortion to "a country that loved children so much."


At the Jesuits' Roman headquarters, a severe, palazzo-like building on Borgo Santo Spirito, a stone's throw from St. Peter's, Arrupe still emulates Japanese ways. In the tiny private chapel off his room, he prays, sitting Zen-style on a cushion, each morning and evening that he is there. Often he is not. Though previous Jesuit generals stayed close to Rome, Arrupe has logged 200,000 miles on more than 30 trips. Says an aide: "His face lights up when he's on the road."

Traveling or at home, Arrupe puts in an 18- to 20-hour day. But his labors as superior general can bring criticism from both sides. Many Jesuits accuse him of being a second-rate administrator. Conservatives say that his permissive standards have weakened the order. Liberals sometimes think that his most daring innovation has been the automatic Pepsi machine he installed at the austere Jesuit headquarters. Through it all, Arrupe proceeds with a deep serenity that his friends find saintly and his foes infuriating.

SUPERIOR GENERAL ARRUPE IN ROME



THOMAS HOPFER—WORLDWIDE PHOTOS



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came: the focus of disputes with the local bishop when the Jesuits assigned there twice offered the church as sanctuary to sailors who refused to board Viet Nam-bound vessels.

► Within the Pope's own bailiwick, a veteran moral philosopher disobeyed Arrupe. A faculty member of the Jesuits' prestigious Gregorian Pontifical University since 1961, Father José María Díez-Alegría's off the squabble last December by publishing his autobiography, *I Believe in Hope*, without Jesuit clearance. The book is sympathetically leftist, and somewhat candid about priests' sexual frustrations, but what piqued Arrupe was Díez-Alegría's refusal to submit to Jesuit censorship before publication. Arrupe has since suspended the Spaniard from the society for two years. One important reason for his action: the case revived talk among a group of conservative Jesuits in Spain about starting separate houses where they could follow a traditional, disciplined regime.

Rogue. Such conflicts of interest and direction are not exclusive to the Jesuits; they bother other religious orders as well. But the Jesuits, almost since their inception, have been the most dramatic of the church's orders. What is most fascinating about them is their perilous attempt to live energetically in the world without being of it. The risks involved in this attempt mark their long and flamboyant history—a history that reaches back to a junior officer in a minor battle in a small war in 1521.

He was known at the time as Íñigo de Oñaz y Loyola, the last of perhaps eleven children of a family of lower Basque nobility. He had left the gloomy castle of Loyola as a boy, packed off to one of his father's noble friends, who took him to court. He had grown into little more than an engaging rogue, spending his days in military games or reading such popular chivalrous romances as *Amadis of Gaul*, his nights pursuing less noble adventures with local girls.

In the year that Martin Luther stood before Habsburg Emperor Charles V at the Diet of Worms, Íñigo was fighting for the Emperor's borderlands against the invading French at Pamplona. A cannonball shattered one of his legs. During a long, painful convalescence, he turned out of boredom to two popular inspirational works on the lives of the saints and the life of Christ, and his long process of conversion began. Months later, at the Benedictine abbey of Montserrat, he exchanged his gentleman's clothes for a rough pilgrim's habit and dedicated his sword and dagger to the shrine's famed Black Virgin.

In a little town called Manresa, he devoted nearly a year to an orgy of austerity, begging door to door, wearing a barbed girdle, fasting for days on end. For months he endured the terrible depressions of the mystic's dark night of the soul, even contemplating suicide at one point. But what followed was the mystic's singular reward, an immense

breakthrough to enlightenment. In a wave of ecstatic illumination one day at the River Cardener, Íñigo became, in his own words, "another man."

He entered a Barcelona school to sit with boys less than half his age to study Latin, then threw himself into a dizzying year of courses at the University of Alcalá. Out of it came Íñigo's conviction that learning must be organized to be useful. The idea eventually grew into the Jesuits' famed *ratio studiorum* (plan of studies), which measured out heavy but manageable doses of classics, humanities and sciences.

He became such a fervent evangelist that the Inquisition imprisoned and examined him more than once about his life, teaching and theology. Perturbed, he left for Paris, where he spent seven years at the university, became "Master Ignatius," and gathered around him the first of his permanent companions, among them a young Spanish nobleman named Francis Xavier.

Ignatius shared with them one of the most remarkable spiritual guides ever written—his *Spiritual Exercises*. A distillation of Ignatius' own religious experience during and following his conversion, the *Exercises* are measured out prosaically in four flexible "weeks" of meditation that begin with a week on Sin, Death, Judgment and Hell, and move on to Christ's Life, Passion and Resurrection. They are the basis of every Jesuit's spirituality, returned to for refreshment through his career.

In the *Exercises*, Ignatius laid out paths to spiritual perfection: rigorous examination of conscience, penance, and a resolute amnesia about guilt once God's forgiveness has been obtained. Though Ignatius designed the *Exercises* for individuals, they were later applied to the group retreats so vividly reconstructed in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. A certain violence, even a spiritual terrorism, has often characterized Jesuit rhetoric. The young hero of *Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus, is reduced to horror by the sermon

on hell ("A wave of fire swept through his body ... flames burst forth from his skull"), but after he has gone to confession, "the past was past."

In Paris in 1534 Ignatius and his friends made their first vows of poverty and chastity (Ignatius was ordained a priest three years later), but it was not until 1540 that Pope Paul III approved the small band as a new religious order. As part of the bargain, they placed themselves at the express call of the Pope. In Ignatius' metaphor, they were to be chivalrous soldiers of Jesus, mobile, versatile, ready to go anywhere and perform any task the Pope assigned. As a recognized order, they added to their earlier vows the traditional vow of obedience to their superiors and a fourth vow expressing their special fealty to the Pope. They gave command to a superior general elected for life. Their choice for the first general was Ignatius.

The Jesuits rode full gallop into their new assignments: convert the heathen, reconvert Protestant Europe. Francis Xavier hoppedscotched from India to Southeast Asia to Japan, a country that had never before heard the Christian message. More than any others, the Society of Jesus stemmed, and sometimes reversed, the tide of Protestantism in France, the Low Countries and Central Europe. When Ignatius died in 1556, his order was nearly 1,000 strong and had dispatched its apostles to four continents.

The Jesuits rose to eminence in the two centuries that followed Ignatius' death. Seeking to be the consciences of kings, they served as confessors to every French King from Henry III to



CHINA MISSIONARY MATTEO RICCI



ST. ISAAC JOGUES UNDERGOING TORTURE

The Jesuit Swamis of India



SWAMI ANIMANANDA, S.J.

DESPITE their talent as missionaries, the Jesuits have left their imprint most deeply on the culture of the West. Now, not so much as missionaries but as citizen Christians, they are making a mark on a major culture of the East—that of India. "If India is today in some degree Christian, it is because of the Jesuits," says Father Theo Mathias, S.J., head of the Roman Catholic education organization in India. The 3,100 Jesuits in India constitute the third largest national contingent in the society after the U.S. and Spain, and fully 2,600 of them are native Indians. In 1972 they took in 161 new entrants, almost as many as did Western Europe, Canada and the U.S. combined. The De Nobili seminary at Poona is the largest Jesuit "house" in the world. Indian Jesuits are even sending missionaries to other countries.

The Indian Jesuits still take their cue from the adaptability of the pioneer missionary, Father Roberto de Nobili, who adopted the ascetic life of the Hindu holy men shortly after he came to India in 1605. The Jesuits reflect the broad spectrum of the subcontinent's culture. At Poona, for instance, a group of De Nobili Jesuits are experimenting with an Indianized version of the Mass that incorporates Indian serving dishes, Indian music, language, and postures of prayer. Father Matthew Lederle, a German-born Jesuit who is now an Indian citizen, directs the serene modern center of Sneha Sadan in Poona specifically to encourage an intellectual exchange with the city's 200,000 Maharashtrian Brahmins. Some De Nobili seminarians live out in the city's slums where they have won the friendship of the poor.

Jesuits are engaged in pressing secular problems. They administer the country's Roman Catholic medical network, with its 400 small hospitals and 600 dispensaries. They run In-

dia's only social sciences institute. But perhaps the most engaging of the Indian Jesuits are the handful who have chosen to adopt the life-styles and manner of Hindu *sanyasi*—holy men—while continuing their work as Roman Catholic priests. Two such Jesuits are Swami Amalananda and Swami Animananda, who work in remote, poor villages in the state of Mysore. The 70-year-old Animananda, whose chosen name means "devotee of the small," turned *sanyasi* in 1947. Now he travels by bullock cart to five small villages talking about religion with clusters of interested listeners in Hindu temples. Because the villagers are monotheists, Lingayat Hindus who worship the God Shiva, Animananda preaches "less about Christ and more about God the Father."

Swami Amalananda, 54, whose name means "taking joy in the immaculate," is building a small stone church at Deshunar in the style of the Hindu temple, the *mandir*. But it will have Stations of the Cross carved into the outside wall and ten windows symbolizing the Commandments. Sitting on a small cement platform in the holy man's traditional style, he dispenses advice to reverent villagers. The advice is often practical as well as religious, perhaps warning them about such practices as thatching their cow sheds because of the danger of fire. He has also started both a savings bank and a seed bank for the villagers.

The Indian Jesuits are in an enviable position compared with priests elsewhere. The religious man is still hallowed in India; the priest is still an authority as he was in Europe before the Industrial Revolution. Because he is expected to be an ascetic, there is little temptation to become "relevant" by marrying. Eventually, of course, Indian Jesuits may face the same problems as their colleagues in the West. Already they are getting fewer novices from the Westernized parts of the country than from those that are still underdeveloped.

Louis XV. In 16th and 17th century China, the great Jesuit missionary Matteo Ricci and his successors labored for decades to impress the Emperor and the powerful mandarin scholars with their own impeccable scholarship, eventually becoming keepers of the imperial calendar. But this opportunity to win China for Christianity was lost when Rome denied the missionaries' pleas that Chinese converts be left undisturbed in their Confucian reverence for their ancestors.

Jesuit achievements were as often secular as spiritual. French Jesuit Jacques Marquette paddled down the Mississippi in the first European expedition to explore that river. Brother Jiri Kamel, a Moravian botanist at the Jesuits' College of Manila in the 17th century, gave Europe the camellia. A German mathematician and astronomer of the Society of Jesus, Christoph Klau, contributed to the Gregorian calendar and gave his Latinized name, Clavius, to a lunar crater that he discovered.

Jesuits used the arts to reach the consciences of their fashionable audiences, and in so doing, made significant

contributions to opera, drama and ballet. They produced thousands of plays in the 17th century, and ballets as well, many of them to lure the balletomanes of the French aristocracy. One such ballet portrayed the triumph of free will over predestination.

But Jesuits were more than dance-masters; their martyrs died in Japan, in Elizabethan England, and in North America, where St. Isaac Jogues was tomahawked by the Iroquois—and where the British put prices on Jesuit heads.

Reductions. Despite their remarkable accomplishments, the Jesuits were suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV, and the order was disbanded for 41 years. The suppression grew out of a convergence of hatreds. The anticlerical freethinkers of the Enlightenment detested the Jesuits. So did Jansenist Catholics, who adhered to a puritanical view of man's depravity. Their most articulate spokesman was Blaise Pascal, who, in his eloquently satirical *Provincial Letters*, accused the Jesuits of abetting the decay of Christianity by their lax moral and ascetic teachings. Their

papal loyalty, furthermore, infuriated believers in the new nationalism. A magnanimous missionary project in New Spain—the "Paraguay Reductions"—grew into self-sufficient Indian strongholds under Jesuit protection, angering European colonists who spread calumnies against the order. Finally, the Pope bowed to the mounting pressure of France, Portugal and Spain and decreed that the Jesuits should disband for the sake of church harmony.

Some Jesuits found a haven in the realm of Catherine the Great of Russia, who esteemed Jesuit teaching and resolved to keep the society's schools alive. Others functioned as secular clergymen, joined other orders or created *ad hoc* communities with new names. When the order was restored by Pope Pius VII in 1814, there was a cadre of 600 Jesuits to begin again. But so wary were the Jesuits of earning new criticism that their first post-restoration general, Jan Roothaan, set a pattern for defensively prudent administration that few successors have risen above.

The relative timidity of Jesuit leadership in the years since restoration has

not meant the eclipse of Jesuit accomplishment. Contemporary Jesuit theologians, for instance, helped shape the Second Vatican Council. Probably the most eminent Catholic theologian alive is Germany's Jesuit Karl Rahner, whose works have been translated into more languages (47) than Goethe's. Canada's Bernard J.F. Lonergan has built a formidable reputation on two brilliant but difficult works, *Insight* (1957) and *Method in Theology* (1972). A newer name, at least to Northern Hemisphere Christians, is Montevideo's Juan Luis Segundo, whose theology is just beginning to appear in English. The restored society has also produced the other kinds of creative minds that distinguished its earlier eras, including Philosopher-Paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin and Poet Gerard Manley Hopkins.

The question troubling Jesuits today is not so much what they have done or can do, but rather who they are or who they should be. Says Father Paul Reinert, now in his 25th year as president of the Jesuits' St. Louis University: "I have been a Jesuit since 1927. Never have I engaged in so much introspection as I have in the past five years." Pedro Arrupe has called another general congregation to meet in Rome in 1974 or 1975, at which Jesuit delegates will decide which directions they want to explore and which they need to turn away from.

Ignatius himself once said: "If the whole society should come to an end, it would take 15 minutes for me to regain my composure." Such a spirit of brusque and even self-abnegating utilitarianism now goes against the Jesuits' institutional traditions. They still operate one of the most prestigious privately run school networks in the world, with 420 high schools and universities on six continents, including 52 high schools and 28 colleges in the U.S. Most of them are urban schools that helped

form an immigrant Catholic population into an accomplished class of educated Catholic professionals.

Today, however, there is some sentiment that the society should pass on some of its educational responsibilities to others and find more urgent work. In an article urging his fellow Jesuits to stay "on the ragged edge of nowhere," Theologian Joseph Connell of Washington State's Gonzaga University suggests that educated Catholic laymen could take over much of the Jesuits' role as educators. Arrupe has shown a willingness to let a few "good things" die, notably two of the nation's five Jesuit theological schools—one of them the famed Woodstock College (TIME, Jan. 22). Still, it is a difficult idea for some of the world's best educators to accept.

Values. For the most part, Jesuit educators and the ten U.S. provincial superiors think that the educational effort is still worth it. They acknowledge that there have been changes. *Ratio studiorum* no longer prevails; students can create their own educational plan—or chaos—from a smorgasbord of electives. The old, tough discipline is gone. The Jesuits themselves, clad in everything from jeans to wide-lapel sports jackets, often look like older versions of the students. A generation ago, young men and women could seldom share the same campus; now they sleep in the same dorms, and not always separately. Even so, the defenders of the new Jesuit-college style in the U.S. insist that the schools still offer an atmosphere different from that of secular campuses. Explains Richard Matre, a layman and dean of Loyola University of Chicago: "Our school says to the student that there are good things and bad things in the world, that there are real values."

Jesuit politics have also been changing. An order that seemed predominantly conservative two decades ago now nurtures almost every shade of political style and ideology. In the 1950s

many Catholics were reading *Total Empire*, written by Edmund Walsh, a Georgetown political scientist, priest and, according to Author Richard Rovere, the man who gave Senator Joseph McCarthy the idea for his anti-Communist campaign. In his book, Walsh set down moral justifications for a preventive first-strike nuclear attack.

There are still a few Jesuits who perpetuate the Walsh syndrome: Father Daniel Lyons, columnist and founder of the right-wing Catholic newspaper *Twin Circle*, still hammers away at the containment theme. But he now has an articulate group of opponents within the order. Father Aldon Stevenson, who recently returned to his post at the University of San Francisco after a trip into Mao's China, cited the Communist Chinese as exemplary "anonymous Christians" that Western Christians could well emulate. "People are valued above things," says Stevenson, "and neighbors love and help each other. There is hope in abundance, and that is the beginning of charity."

Father Arrupe got a heady taste of both political sides on a visit to the U.S., when on the same day he visited Daniel Lyons in New York City and Daniel Berrigan in Danbury prison. There are many more in the society who mirror the polarization. One of the most serious dichotomies that Arrupe must try to bridge is between those who patrol the corridors of power, still hoping to influence the conscience of the king, and those who have chosen to work for the only remedy they consider effective—the complete change of society. Many Third World Jesuits, despairing of a change of heart by developed nations, are growing more and more sympathetic to the idea of total change. One bewildered Chilean Jesuit sighs: "We don't seem to believe in the same Gospels." Peru's Father Luna Victoria, a prominent Latin American Jesuit intellectual, hopes for a more evolutionary kind

THE OLD WAY: JESUIT SEMINARIANS IN 1954



THE NEW WAY: JESUITS DINING AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE IN 1971



RELIGION

of change that would fuse the thought of Teilhard de Chardin with that of Marx. "It could be done," he says, "if we substitute Christian love for Marxist class hatred."

In the U.S., Jesuits seem to tolerate a wide diversity of sociopolitical projects. In the California province, for instance, a young priest from the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley last summer donned a sports coat and turtleneck, picked up a briefcase, and traveled into San Francisco, where he counsels executives and other personnel in a corporate office. Across the bay, in East Oakland, two other Jesuits are immersed in work among the city's many minorities: the old, the poor, the black, the brown. They may be out on the streets by 7 a.m., checking to see that a wrecker has shown up to knock down an unsafe building, or be battling until 3 in the morning at a neighborhood meeting.

At the School of Medicine of the University of California's San Francisco campus, Father Al Jonsen is analyzing health policy issues and the moral desirability of such technical advances as the mechanical heart. From a base in Los Angeles, Father Nick Weber, 33, and two companions carom round the country in a battered station wagon giving performances of the Royal Liechtenstein One-Quarter-Ring Sidewalk Circus, an amiable blend of circus acts and low-key morality plays. Weber and company live a frugal, catch-as-catch-can existence, begging meals and a place to sleep wherever they stop. A Rochester, N.Y., Jesuit high school teacher, Father William S. O'Malley, is in a different kind of show business: a role in *The Exorcist*.

The sexual revolution has had a disconcerting effect on the society, probably because Jesuits were so ill-prepared for it. "I was a scholar-athlete," says Robert Blair Kaiser, a journalist and author who studied for ten years as a Jesuit in the '50s. "We were taught to be well-rounded in everything except how to relate to women." As a result of the protective environment, says Presidential Aide John McLaughlin, the newly freed Jesuits often seemed to be struck by "delayed puberty." In the encounter, some debarked. Many of those who remain seem to have resolved the issue. A remarkable number agree with Arrupe that the Jesuits should preserve celibacy as a rule even if—and many of them recommend it—voluntary celibacy is instituted for diocesan priests.

Despite the considerable criticisms of some older Jesuits, Father Richard Hill, the president of the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, contends that many young Jesuits are in fact earnest-

ly spiritual, caught up in a renewed interest in prayer. "We are going back to the *Spiritual Exercises* in a huge rush," he says. "They go around quoting from this little black book. They are consciously and deliberately spending more time in personal prayer." One quip going around: "Any day now, somebody's going to invent the rosary."

Indeed, though the number of Jesuits may have dropped drastically, superiors round the world widely agree that the quality of the new recruits is generally better and the number of vocations seems to be stabilizing. Moreover, there remains a special fraternity about the Jesuits that smaller numbers

Ignatian spirit. Father Lyndon Farwell, a recently ordained California Jesuit, would in fact like to see the upcoming general congregation focus on that ideal by conducting its meeting as a spiritual retreat, with no agenda. It would be "a great witness to the faith of the Jesuits—coming together to see what God wants them to do next. I would like to see them define the spirit and priorities of the society, but it should be a religious, not a legislative, thing."

However they go about it, of course, the society will have—as is appropriate to Jesuits—some important this-worldly decisions to make. A number of Jesuits within the order and admirers without would like to see some way developed for interested men to become sort of Jesuit reserve officers—taking temporary vows, perhaps, for three or five years at a time. There is growing support for the order to find a way for dedicated married couples to affiliate with it, perhaps along the lines of the successful Jesuit Volunteer Corps run by the Oregon province, which has some 250 laymen in domestic and foreign assignments. François Cardinal Marty, the Archbishop of Paris, wants to see Jesuits engaged in resolving the "metaphysical crisis" in modern society. "Jesuits are needed in the intellectual world," he says. "Alienation is their specialty." Some Jesuits want to discuss issues that are harder to nail down—a return, for instance, to more heroic poverty within the order, a goal Arrupe heartily favors.

Many Jesuits, including Superior General Pedro Arrupe, would like to see the general congregation put some kind of cap on the Jesuit gusher, pushing the very visible turmoil back underground for a while. It may be a vain hope. The Jesuits are certainly settling back a bit these days, resting from the traumatic departures and heady changes in the order, but it is far from clear yet whether the Society of Jesus is at the far edge—or merely in the eye—of the storm.

Arrupe, observes Richard Hill of the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley, is not a man who takes more than reasonable risks. But he lets others move imaginatively in new directions, then defends and protects them. He does that, suggest some of his fellow Jesuits, because he looks to the victory of Resurrection where many others are able to see only the defeat of Golgotha. In Christian life, however, the two are inextricably joined—and in few places more than in the Society of Jesus. As long as he is the Jesuit general, Pedro Arrupe will likely have no real rest: he will be defending and protecting the troubled and sometimes troublesome sons of Ignatius long into tomorrow.



JESUIT PROVINCIALS CONCELEBRATING MASS IN NEW ORLEANS
The conscience of the king or total change?

cannot destroy. "In my work around the world," says Philip Land, a Jesuit priest on the Vatican's Commission for Justice and Peace, "I run into a network of our people everywhere, people in whom I have total confidence."

Many former Jesuits preserve that kind of family feeling and regard themselves as Jesuits years after they have left the order, even if they left long before ordination. Author George Riemer (*The New Jesuits*) studied as a Jesuit for only seven years in the 1940s, but he continued to think of himself as a Jesuit until his death from cancer two weeks ago. "When I'm confronted with my own death," he said a few days before he died, "I believe I'm still a Jesuit, because the core of the Jesuit is still the *Spiritual Exercises*."

Many Jesuits see an instauration of

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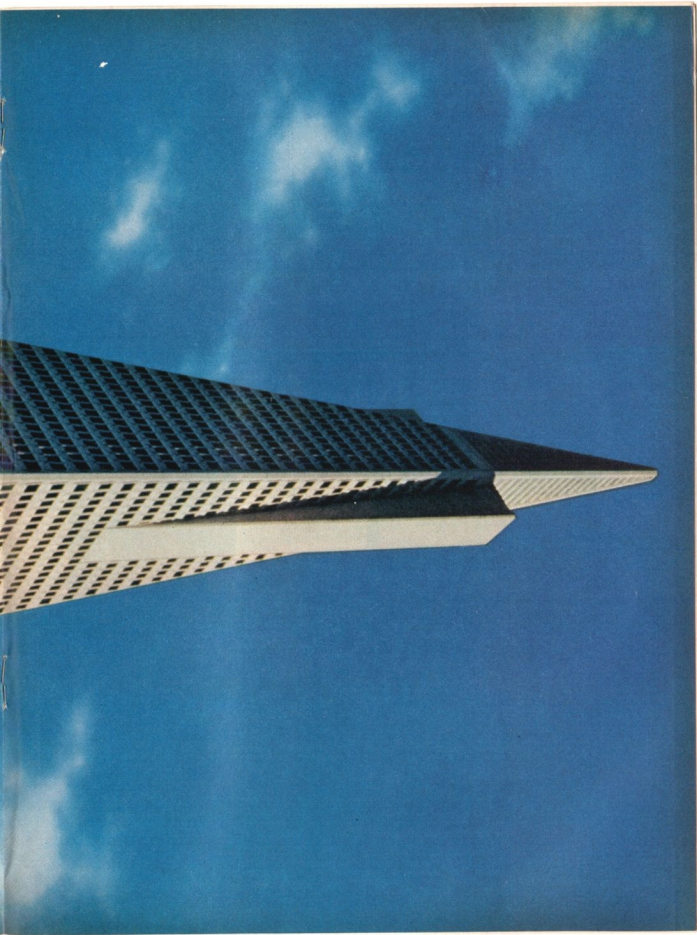
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MEDICINE

The Case Against Herpes

One of man's more troublesome enemies is the family of herpes viruses. The 50 odd variants of the virus are responsible for a number of painful and occasionally dangerous conditions, including shingles, a form of encephalitis and an eruption of blisters in infants with eczema. Recently, however, medical researchers have been focusing their attention on herpes simplex, a type of the virus long known to be responsible for a relatively minor affliction, the cold sore. Their findings have provided both good and bad news. The good

cording to Bernard Roizman, professor of microbiology at the University of Chicago, genital herpes is the second most common venereal disease in the U.S., trailing only gonorrhea. Roizman and others have found that the infection is common among those who come to clinics for treatment of other venereal diseases.

Unfortunately for the promiscuous, there is often no clinical evidence that a sexual partner is carrying the virus. Ysolina Centifanto, an associate professor of microbiology at the University of Florida College of Medicine, studied 263 men from a wide range of social and economic groups. Thirty-nine, none of whom had a history of active genital herpes, were found to carry the virus in their genitourinary tracts.

Although there was until recently no really effective treatment for herpes simplex infections of either type, there are now several promising techniques. Houston's Dr. Troy Felber has found that painting herpes simplex sores with light-sensitive dyes and then exposing them to light from a fluorescent tube cuts the healing time* by 50%. Drs. G. Robert Nugent and Samuel Chou of the West Virginia University Medical Center recently reported that applications of ordinary ether or chloroform will clear up herpes sores in as little as two days, apparently by altering the virus so as to make it more vulnerable to the body's natural defenses. Other doctors are finding the antiviral drug isopropinosine effective. An oral drug that seems to bolster the body's immune response to the virus (TIME, March 19), isopropinosine has been used against both herpes simplex and genital herpes infections and has stopped progression of the disease and initiated healing within 48 hours. So far, however, one goal has eluded scientists: finding a drug that will prevent herpes infections.

Ominous. That goal has now assumed greater importance. Mothers with genital herpes can pass the virus on to their offspring, who may develop skin lesions and internal infections. The virus may also be responsible for more serious illness in the carriers themselves. Type II virus particles have been found to transform normal animal cells into cancerous ones in test tubes, and the discovery has raised speculation that the type II herpes may be linked to genital cancers in humans. "It's like finding a guy with a gun in a building where a murder has been committed," says Alvin Glasky of Newport Pharmaceuticals International, Inc., the firm that developed isopropinosine. "The gunman is suspect, but you have to prove that he pulled the trigger."

Genetic substances of herpes virus-

*Which, for untreated sores, can be as long as three to six weeks for first outbreak and from one to two weeks for later infections.

es have also been isolated from the cells of women with cervical cancer. There is other ominous evidence linking the virus with malignancy. Dr. Andre Nahmias and his colleagues at Atlanta's Emory University have been conducting a long-range study of 900 women known to have had genital herpes, comparing them with 600 women who have not had the infection. The incidence of cervical cancer is eight times higher in the first group than the second.

Atomic Hearts

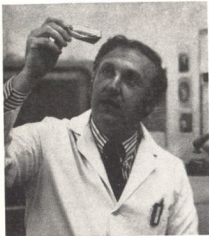
The pacemaker, a miniature machine that controls the heart rate by sending out regular electrical impulses, has meant new life for some 70,000 U.S. cardiac patients. But it has also meant a biennial trip to the hospital for surgery. Reason: the conventional pacemaker, implanted under the skin of the chest, must have its battery changed about every two years. For 16 cardiac patients last week, that recurrent surgery became a thing of the past. In operations performed at the Newark Beth Israel Medical Center and the National Heart and Lung Institute in Bethesda, Md., nuclear-powered pacemakers were installed in their chests.

The palm-size pacemakers, developed by the ARCO Nuclear Co. of Leechburg, Pa., with a grant from the Atomic Energy Commission, use no batteries. They contain 400 mg. of the radioactive isotope plutonium 238. As it decays, the plutonium generates heat. That raises the temperature of a thermocouple system, which converts the heat to electrical power for the pacemaker. The device is similar to the nuclear pacemaker inserted in a French patient in 1970 and now used by 24 Americans. Both pacemakers are expected to operate for at least ten years. That is long enough to make the previous chest operation only a memory.

HARRY HAMBURG—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



NUCLEAR PACEMAKER RECIPIENTS
Generating heat.



DR. GLASKY EXAMINING VIRUS CULTURE
Exercising moral judgment?

news: several promising methods have been developed to treat the sores. The bad: a variation of herpes simplex that produces genital infections may also be linked with cervical cancer.

The two types of herpes simplex generally attack different and sharply defined areas of the body. Doctors believe that nearly everybody carries the herpes simplex virus somewhere in his body, probably in nerve tissue. In most people this virus remains dormant. But in some it becomes active, usually during a cold or fever, after a sunburn or as a result of nervous tension. The result is usually cold sores or fever blisters, unpleasant but rarely harmful eruptions that often recur at the same place on the lips or below the nose.

Promiscuous. The variant virus, herpes simplex type II, usually attacks below the waist. It causes painful sores and swelling on the thighs, buttocks and genital areas. Unlike the basic herpes simplex, which strikes indiscriminately, type II appears to exercise moral judgment—tending to afflict primarily the sexually promiscuous. It is prevalent among teen-agers and young adults and among prostitutes, but is rare in children and in celibate women. In fact, ac-

EDUCATION

The Youngest President

At the age of 23, bushy-haired Leon Botstein became president of New Hampshire's Franconia College in 1970. He immediately imposed one unusual new rule: no dogs on campus. "Fifty unkempt dogs running around was just too much," said Botstein, "so I got rid of them all."

The dogs were symptomatic of the chaotic conditions at the college itself. After seven years of operation in a rattletrap former resort hotel in the White Mountains, Franconia was near collapse. In 1968 the archconservative *Manchester Union Leader* had published an exaggerated exposé that portrayed the college's scruffy students as

full accreditation by the end of 1973.

Botstein took advantage of the depressed job market to recruit a new faculty willing to work for comparatively low pay (average salary: \$10,960) and without tenure. Despite the poverty of most colleges (see following story), he raised enough money through cost cutting to pay the overdue bills. With \$800,000 in federal grants, he built three small dormitories, a student union, an auditorium and a new library. As the college's reputation improved, applications increased; enrollment rose to 425, even though Franconia's tuition and other fees amount to \$4,200 annually. By opening the library, concerts and some courses to the public, Botstein has also improved relations with the

GWENDOLYN STEWART



SETTING THE BEAT, FRANCONIA'S BOTSTEIN REMHEARSES COLLEGE CHORUS
No more dogs, overdue bills or contempt for the locals.

rich freaks who spent more time at drug and sex orgies than at their books. The notoriety so unnerved the trustees that they fired the president. Before long, half the 40-member faculty quit and a third of the 240 students withdrew. Insurance companies suddenly canceled policies. Worried creditors soon forced the college into voluntary bankruptcy.

For two years Franconia drifted toward ruin under an interim president. Then the trustees hired Botstein, who was completing his Ph.D. in history at Harvard and working as a special assistant to the president of the New York City board of education. He had little administrative experience when he acquired the distinction of being perhaps the youngest president in American higher education, but improbably enough, he has turned out to be a smashing success. In less than three years he has improved conditions at the college to the point that it expects to receive

conservative townspeople. He explains: "Many of them used to feel that the people on the hill thought themselves better, had a direct line to the truth, and held the locals in contempt. Now the clash has vanished."

At the same time, Botstein preserved many of the innovations that gave Franconia its freewheeling reputation. Students still serve on all committees, including those that appoint new faculty members. There are no required courses, no formal academic departments and no grades. After spending much of their last two years on independent study projects, students must demonstrate competence in their fields to a faculty committee in order to receive a degree.

Now 26, Botstein has encountered no special problems because of his youth, partly because his manner and bearing are those of an earnest 35-year-old, partly because he possesses enor-

mous energy. Soon after becoming president, he took on the duties of the dean of the faculty. He also teaches courses in Greek philosophy and music composition and conducts the college chorus. For relaxation he practices on his violin or viola—favorite pieces include works by Brahms and Mozart—or plays table tennis. On taking office, Botstein said that he might retire while still in his 20s, "to start from the bottom somewhere else." Since then he has found the life of a college president so agreeable that he declares he has "no set agenda, no personal plan for my life," and he talks of staying on until the job is no longer challenging—perhaps when he reaches the ripe old age of 35.

Fragile Stability

Two years ago the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education found that three-fifths of American colleges and universities were either in financial trouble or headed for it. Commission Chairman Clark Kerr declared it the "greatest crisis in the 330 years since the founding of Harvard." Since then, most institutions have made heroic attempts to control costs, and the efforts appear to have paid off. This week the commission will issue a follow-up study, which concludes that in general, colleges and universities have stopped their slide toward bankruptcy, though the depression in higher education has by no means ended.

Both studies were based on a detailed analysis of 41 representative private and public campuses (U.S. total: 2,500) by Economist Earl F. Cheit, a Berkeley professor working temporarily this year for the Ford Foundation. He found that most of the colleges had frozen faculty salaries and deferred building maintenance, and that many had made even more extraordinary cuts. For example, New York University sold its University Heights campus. The state college system in Minnesota laid off 168 faculty members. Fisk University abolished its Afro-American institute. St. Louis University closed its schools of dentistry and engineering. In addition, nearly all institutions have improved their management practices, often borrowing techniques from business, such as more sophisticated use of computers and better budgeting.

Many of these savings clearly cannot be sustained for very long; nor can they be duplicated in the future. Moreover, the financial condition of colleges and universities could be upset by unforeseen changes in matters largely beyond the institutions' control—an increase in the rate of inflation, an unexpected decline in the number of high school graduates wanting to continue their education, or more cuts in federal and state support. Thus the current stability of most colleges and universities, welcome as it may be to hard-pressed administrators, is fragile at best.



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Skylab is scheduled to be launched from Cape Kennedy on May 14 atop a giant Saturn 5 booster and sent into a 269-mile-high orbit of the earth. Next day, a smaller Saturn 1-B rocket will loft an Apollo command ship with three astronauts on board into a similar orbital path around the earth. Seven hours later, the astronauts will rendezvous and dock with Skylab. The men will then move into their posh quarters and prepare to remain there for the next 28 days—four days longer than the previous record set in 1971 by the Rus-

sians in their more primitive Salyut 1 space station.* Later in the year, two more three-man crews will board the orbiting ship, each group remaining in space for 56 days. Total cost of the three missions: \$2.5 billion.

To astronauts and public alike, these prolonged earth-orbiting flights may seem less exciting than the Apollo lunar expeditions. But Skylab's mission will have far-reaching consequences. It will help determine if man can live and work in space for the extended periods of time necessary to make round trips to the other planets or moons. "On Apollo we were like Christopher Columbus going into the unknown," says former Apollo Director Rocco Petrone. "With Skylab, we are more like the Pilgrims trying to settle the New World."

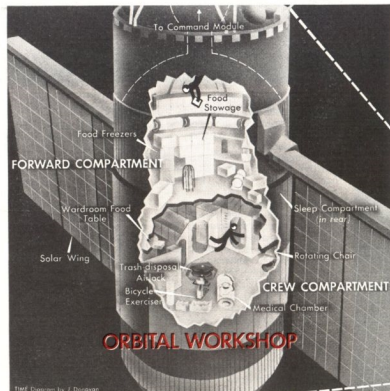
During their pioneering mission, Astronauts Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr., Paul J. Weitz and Joseph P. Kerwin will not lack for elbow room or equipment. In addition to their Apollo command ship, which will remain docked with Skylab, there are four major sections of the cluster: 1) the 22-ft.-wide Orbital Workshop, which contains the astronauts' main living and working quarters; 2) the smaller Multiple Docking Adaptor, which serves as part of the passageway between the Orbital Workshop and the Apollo command ship and con-

*At week's end cosmonauts still had not boarded Salyut II, which was put into orbit two weeks ago.

tains the complex control panel for Skylab's telescope; 3) the Apollo Telescope Mount, which is the world's first manned solar observatory in earth orbit and contains eight separate telescopes for different types of astronomical observations; and 4) the Airlock Module, which serves as a pressurization chamber for sorties out into space and is the nerve center for the entire station; it is equipped with thermal and electrical controls and extensive communications gear, including a teleprinter to receive updated flight plans from Mission Control in Houston.

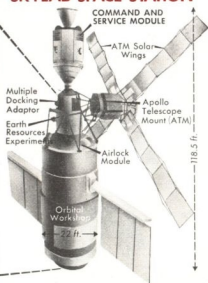
Luxury. In their weightless environment, the astronauts will be able to drift readily from one section to another; as an experiment, they may wear new Buck Rogers-like strap-on jet backpacks that should propel them at a speedy two knots. For easy communication between Skylab and Mission Control, the astronauts can use any of the squawk boxes scattered throughout the ship. To power up a portable scientific instrument, a heater or ventilating fan or even their vacuum cleaner—to snare drifting debris—they can plug into any of the ship's many electrical outlets. There should be energy to spare. Skylab's huge solar wings, converting the sun's radiation directly into electricity, should be able to deliver up to 12,000 watts of power, enough to service five to ten average households on earth.

Unlike the astronauts who squeezed into cramped Apollo command ships and lunar modules, the Skylab crew will live in relative luxury. In the wardroom section of the Orbital Workshop, each man will have his own food preparation tray, including individual heaters to warm up the frozen foods (sample entrées: roast beef, filet mignon, lobster Newburg) and a squirt-type water bottle from which he can sip half an ounce at a time. NASA originally considered



TIME Diagram by J. Donagan

SKYLAB SPACE STATION

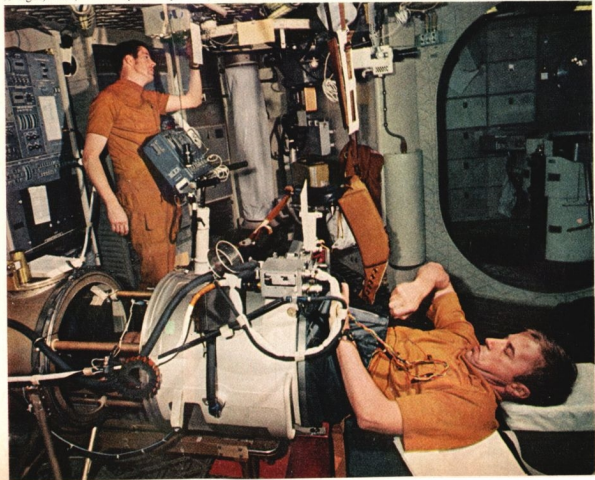


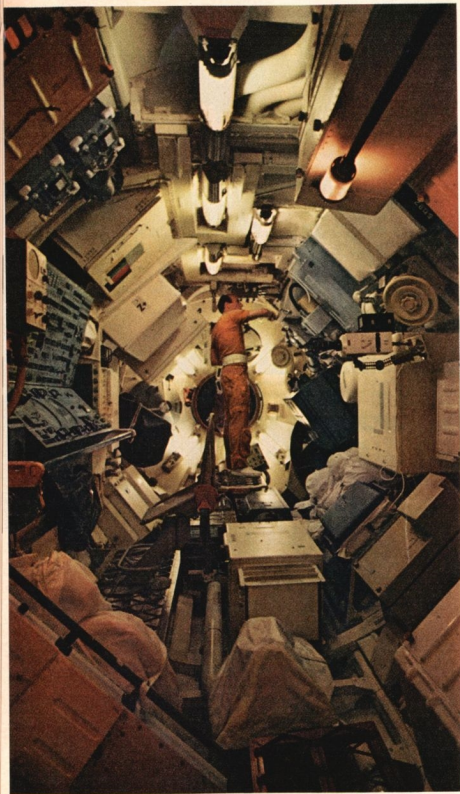
TIME, APRIL 23, 1973



Above: Aboard Skylab model in Houston, Astronauts Joseph Kerwin, Paul Weitz and Charles Conrad (left to right) dine, orbital-style, in spacecraft's wardroom.

Below: In medical chamber with Weitz, Physician-Astronaut Kerwin (left) conducts test that will be used to check effects of zero-G on cardiovascular system.





Conrad space welds inside chamber that links Skylab with Apollo command ship, which will ferry the crew to and from the orbital workshop. At right from top: Conrad exercises, Kerwin weighs himself on "weightless" scale, and Conrad measures his degree of disorientation in zero-G.



SPACE

another amenity—wine—but abandoned the idea for fear of provoking protests from teetotalers.

For the first time, astronauts will be able to perch on a real toilet, an ingenious waterless facility that uses a suction system to collect the wastes in the weightless environment (solids will be dried and urine frozen for biomedical examination back on earth). In previous missions, they had only cumbersome bags and collection tubes. Sanitary conditions will be improved in another way: Skylab includes a hand washer and an enclosed shower where the astronauts can douse themselves once a week.

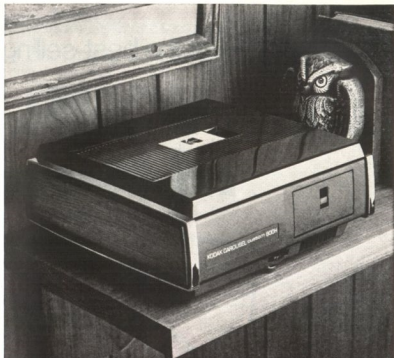
Night Cap. During most of their stay in space, the astronauts will wear informal gold shirts and slacks made of noncombustible fibers. Going to bed will involve strapping themselves into sleeping bags attached, batlike, to the ceiling and floor of their individual compartments; one of them will wear a unique night cap containing sensors that will enable ground controllers to monitor his brain waves. Alongside their sleeping bags, the astronauts will have reading lights and squawk boxes. To while away the off hours, astronauts will be able to read, throw Velcro-tipped darts and play cards, or listen to their favorite music on a stereo tape player. For Conrad, Skylab's commander, that will mean Country Musicians Charley Pride and Faron Young.

In addition to making astronomical sightings from their unique platform above the earth's obscuring atmosphere, the astronauts will perform a host of scientific tasks, ranging from observation of the earth to tests of the effects of weightlessness on molten metals. They will also conduct 19 experiments picked from suggestions submitted by 3,400 high school students (sample experiment: observing the development of colonies of bacteria in zero-G).

But the most important scientific observations and experiments will be those that determine how the astronauts react physically to living in space. Under the direction of Kerwin, who will be the first U.S. medical doctor in space, the astronauts will use a bicycle exerciser (to check for changes in their metabolism), place themselves in a rotating chair (motion sickness and general disorientation) and crawl into a cylindrical chamber that looks like an iron lung (cardiovascular system). They will weigh themselves daily on a vibrating "weightless" scale that can calculate an astronaut's mass by measuring how much a known force accelerates him.*

On their 28th day aboard Skylab, the astronauts will again don their space suits, crawl back into the Apollo command ship, undock and head for the traditional splashdown in the Pacific. Behind them they will leave the giant laboratory, which will remain uninhabited in orbit until it is boarded by the next team of astronauts.

*A technique based on Newton's well-known formula: force equals mass times acceleration.



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9 mg. "tar" 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEBRUARY '73.

King of the Road II

In the rural South, where every filling station harbors a budding pit crew and every stop sign is a potential starting line for an impromptu drag race, auto racing is a way of life. At the drive-in hamburger stands, kids who first soloed on John Deere tractors fuss over their souped-up cars and talk endlessly about "axle ratios" and "camshaft durations." Their heroes are the stock-car drivers who ride the Grand National circuit, a highballing competition that first took hold in the 1950s. The king of the road then was Lee Petty, a lead-footed type who roared out of the helmet of Level Cross, N.C., to set a seemingly unbreakable record of 54 victories in 14 years of racing.

Lee Petty, now 59, watches as his son Richard, 35, helps load one of their gleaming, newly handcrafted Dodges onto a trailer truck at their 60-acre Level Cross spread. Richard is heading for a Grand National race in North Wilkesboro, N.C. Following in his father's slipstream, he is a fireballing folk hero, the center of attention at the North Wilkesboro track. Inevitably, dotting fans who have driven their pickup trucks and campers hundreds of miles to see Petty race, ask him which of his many records—150 victories over 15 years, \$1,411,788 in prize money, four Grand National championships—he takes the most pride in. Richard, a lanky, rawboned dude, champs his cheap cigar and says in his best potlikker drawl: "I guess in still bein' alive."

When Lee Petty first began driving stock cars, races were run on dusty county-fair tracks and dirt ovals. Purses amounted to a few hundred dollars. Many drivers of that era, folklore has it, learned their trade outrunning "revenooers" on mountainous "white-lightnin'" trails, "screeching through 180° "bootleg turns" without spilling a drop of moonshine. By the time of Papa Petty's retirement in 1962—induced by a nasty 150-m.p.h. crackup that left him with a limp—the circuit was slightly more respectable and much more lucrative. Today, attracting more than 1,500,000 spectators a year to modern high-banked tracks, drivers pad their earnings by turning their cars into billboards on wheels. This year Richard Petty reaped a reported \$500,000 for agreeing to paint the sides of his car STP. Not a total sellout, he insisted that the top remain Petty blue.

Race day in North Wilkesboro dawns gray and sullen. Heavy rains have turned the red clay infield into an axle-deep quagmire. At noon, ten Petty crewmen, proud as Praetorian Guards, push his glittering racer down

pit lane for inspection. At 1:20 p.m. Army skydivers flutter to a goosy landing in the infield. Then a preacher leads the drivers in prayer and the rhinestone Carolina Dogwood Festival Queen bestows a kiss on Driver Bobby Allison for winning the pole position. At 1:52 p.m. Petty, wearing a gold fireproof jumpsuit, wriggles through the glassless window in the driver's door, which, for safety reasons, is welded shut. At 2 p.m. the starter says, "Gentlemen, start your engines." The 30 drivers rev up their 500-h.p.-plus monsters, creating a thunder that pierces the cotton stuffed in drivers' ears. After two laps, the pace car pulls away, the flag is dropped and the race is on.

Once a simple rural retreat where Lee Petty used to work on his cars in a converted reaper shed, the Petty spread in Level Cross is now a sprawling complex of machine and body shops, engine-building rooms, parts departments, warehouses and offices. Brother Maurice, who lives across the road from Daddy and Richard, is the chief mechanic of Petty Enterprises Inc.; First Cousin Dale Inman is the crew chief. The cars that the 35 Petty workers turn out are anything but stock. Everything from frames and brakes to transmissions and exhaust systems is handtooled. A team of four mechanics takes two weeks to build an engine, each one painstakingly tuned to meet the specific demands of different tracks. The end products are so prized that some professional drivers buy their stock cars from Petty. The going price: \$30,000. Petty Enterprises grossed slightly more than \$1,000,000 last year; Richard's purses contributed one-fourth of that.

Petty, starting in the No. 2 slot, challenges Allison on the very first turn of the five-eighths-of-a-mile course. The

sellout crowd roars in anticipation of a repeat of last year's race when Petty waged a long fender-crashing duel with Allison before pulling ahead to win in the final laps. But Petty, a "charger" who likes to "drive the way I feel it," plays it crafty. Instead of "drafting"—a risky tactic Petty invented, in which he practically sits on an opponent's tail pipe, using the partial vacuum created by the lead car as a fuel- and engine-conserving tow—he hangs on Allison's flank and then passes him on the outside. When Allison regains the lead, Petty cuts inside and roars ahead for good on the eleventh lap. Aided by a crack pit crew who wipe his windshield, give him a drink of water, change the tires and fuel the car in 17 seconds, Petty coasts to his 151st victory by a four-lap margin.

A few hours after the race, Petty's car was back at Level Cross, where it was stripped down while another identical model was being totally rebuilt for this week's Rebel 500 at Darlington, S.C. As the mechanics worked, some of the 3,000 car buffs who tour Petty Enterprises each year looked on. Like pilgrims at a shrine, they inspected the last remnants of Papa Petty's old reaper shed and then repaired to a souvenir stand where they stocked up on Petty postcards, Petty T-shirts, Petty racing jackets and Petty plaques. King Richard himself, wearing wraparound sunglasses and stroking his new Fu Manchu mustache, put in an appearance. Why, someone asked, had he bothered to compete in the North Wilkesboro race, a relatively minor event that some drivers bypassed because of the middling \$4,730 winner's purse? "If there is something going on that involves wheels and I'm not part of it," he said, "well, I sort of feel cheated."

Meanwhile, as if to ensure that Level Cross will not be cheated out of a worthy successor, the Petty children were busily racing up and down the driveway in miniature gas-powered cars.

PETTY ACCEPTING TROPHY (INSET) & BEHIND WHEEL AT NORTH WILKESBORO, N.C.



ROBERTS—RANDY SULLIVAN



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CINEMA

Maudlin Metaphors

SCARECROW

Directed by JERRY SCHATZBERG

Screenplay by GARRY MICHAEL WHITE

Lion (Al Pacino) is an innocent, and Max (Gene Hackman) a combative cynic of the open road. Like George and Lenny in *Of Mice and Men*—rather too much like them, in fact—Lion and Max fall in with each other while hitchhiking on a lonely country road. Max has spent six years in stir at San Quentin; Lion has been at sea in the merchant marine for five, fleeing the strangulating responsibilities of family and a 9-to-5 job. Lion is on his way to Detroit to see his wife and the child she was about to bear him when he took flight. Max is trying to get to Denver to visit his sister Coley (Dorothy Tristan) and invest his frugally accumulated prison pay in a proud new business tentatively christened Max's Car Wash. He takes Lion on as traveling companion and prospective partner. "I'm the meanest son of a bitch alive," Max tells Lion by way of a warning and a boast. "We're gonna have a fair car-wash business or I'm gonna break your neck."

Max's and Lion's progress across the country is not so much geographical

as spiritual. Max likes to whore and brawl; Lion favors the easy approach: he sees himself as a scarecrow. "Those crows don't bother the field because they're scared of the scarecrow." Lion tries to live a life of casual but crafty comedy. Max is skeptical, reminding Lion that "you're not playing with a full deck. You've got one foot in the great beyond."

Subtlety is unwelcome in White's screenplay. To illustrate that Max's coarseness and brutality are only a defense, he has him dress in layers of clothing, ragged protective armor that Max sheds in a perilously symbolic striptease. It will not do for White to have Lion just freak out; he must grow blank and rigid right on the stone paws of a lion that decorates a Detroit fountain. Director Schatzberg (*The Panic in Needle Park*, *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*) bats out these sorry epiphanies and maudlin metaphors with the eager aplomb of a rookie swatting fungoes.

Hackman is fine as the snarling Max. Scruffy and bespectacled, he has a good time hunkering down into his characterization. But he gets in so far that no other actor can reach him. Pacino's characterization of Lion therefore remains unresolved. Hackman and



HACKMAN & PACINO
Protective armor.

Pacino never really react off one another because Hackman remains too self-absorbed. The tension between the two actors is tangible and arresting, at least initially, but it eventually hobbles what small humanity the movie might have had.

There are some excellent supporting performances, most notably by the superb and subtle Miss Tristan, an actress who is not used often or deeply enough; by Eileen Brennan as a bitchy, blowsy barfly; and Richard Lynch as a sadistic homosexual. The film also has some re-

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markable photography by Vilmos Zsigmond (*Deliverance*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), whose graceful, supple lighting manages to be both realistic and quietly sensuous. ■ Jay Cocks

Low Pun

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER

Directed by CLINT EASTWOOD

Screenplay by ERNEST TIDYMAN

High Plains Drifter is the one about the corrupt town that hires a stranger who is fast with his gun and slow with his lip to protect itself from the consequences of its own venality and hypocrisy. In this instance it is a gang of murderous psychopaths who once did the dirty work of the town's leading citizens, were doublecrossed by them and



CURTIS & EASTWOOD
Clashing symbols.

now intend to vengefully sack the place.

It is a classic western situation but unfortunately, Writer Tidyman and Director Eastwood (who also plays the title role) understand that one man's classic is another's cliché—and are anxious to make sure we know they know. Therefore they stress the mythic overtones that pop cultists are always finding in the standard western forms. All the ritual scenes—Eastwood's menacing entrance ride down Main Street, the saloon confrontation and the barbershop shootout that establish his credentials as a law-and-order man—are handled so that the emphasis is on archetypality rather than on believable action.

The supporting players—a cowardly sheriff, the good woman, the bad woman, an exceedingly pious preacher, the cowardly and manipulative town fathers and even a friendly midget (Billy Curtis)—are stylized rather than characterized. As befits a star's role, The Stranger (he is carefully given no proper name) is a little more complicated.

Part of the time The Stranger is Dirty Harry in cowboy boots, a good cop trying to do his duty in a world



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CINEMA

ungrateful for his sadistic efforts. Part of the time he is Christ reincarnated; in another life (a recurring dream informs us), he suffered a version of Calvary inflicted on him by this very town. Since the citizenry so painfully rejected his previous efforts at salvation, it develops that this second attempt is actually a form of punishment for their earlier transgressions. Heavy stuff, and never more ludicrously so than when he forces them to literally paint their town red while he renames it on the welcoming signboard—HELL, of course.

This desperate inventiveness does not make a familiar tale interesting. It simply weighs it down under a load of cacophonously clanking symbols. As a director, Eastwood is not as good as he seems to think he is. As an actor, he is probably better than he allows himself to be. Meanwhile, the best you can say for *High Plains Drifter* is that the title is a low pun. Rarely are humble westerns permitted to drift around on such a highfalutin plane. That, however, is small comfort as this cold, gory and overthought movie unfolds.

■ Richard Schickel

Spurious Suspense

STATE OF SIEGE

Directed by COSTA-GAVRAS
Screenplay by FRANCO SOLINAS
and COSTA-GAVRAS

Great squalls of controversy have been buffeting this essentially unsurprising political thriller ever since it was removed from the inaugural showing at Washington's Kennedy Center (TIME, April 16). The American Film Institute, an organization of high-flown title and dubious distinction, was dedicating a theater for itself, but A.F.I. Director George Stevens Jr. thought *State of Siege* inappropriate for such an august occasion. He chose to believe that the film rationalizes political assassination.

It ought, therefore, to be pointed out that *State of Siege* is only secondarily about assassination. It is primarily a passionate and persuasive indictment of U.S. meddling in South America, a subject that official Washington would like to see dramatized about as much as it would enjoy a musical comedy about Watergate. The A.F.I., of course, is an organization funded by the Government, and Stevens holds down a political job. So the movie was yanked, and the distributors had a *cause célèbre*, along with a lot of publicity of incalculable value.

State of Siege, like Costa-Gavras' other work (*Z*, *The Confession*), is angry all right, and with cause, but it is also unnecessarily emphatic, too easy and simplistic, and stylistically jazzy past the point of stridency. His movies are like glossy international versions of *Dragnet*, with a rather different political bias. Like the dauntless Jack Webb,

Costa-Gavras employs a sort of rhythmic, staccato editing and prominent, even aggressive music (by Mikis Théodorakis) to punch the movie along, giving it a kind of spurious suspense. His characters are mouthpieces, not people, repositories of conflicting political attitudes. In *State of Siege* they lack only conventioners' name tags to clearly identify them.

The story is set in a fictional South American country called Montevideo, but it is based on a real incident in Uruguay, the kidnaping and killing of a U.S. AID official fictionally named Philip Michael Santore (Yves Montand). Santore is kidnaped by a group of radical leftists and accused, along with the U.S. Government, of actively supporting the repressive regime by furnishing matériel and by taking police officials Stateside and training them in the techniques of political manipulation and torture. Santore is not tortured,



MONTAND IN "STATE OF SIEGE"
Mouthpieces, not people.

only politely questioned and held for ransom: the freeing of all Montevidean political prisoners. The government, operating through a paralegal police death squad, rounds up some of the revolutionaries; the others, now badly crippled, vote on Santore's fate. The verdict is to make good on their original threat: execution.

If kidnaping and murder are ever political imperatives—and *State of Siege* says they are the direct, perhaps inevitable results of oppression—then this man Santore, excellently portrayed by Montand as smug, calculating, amoral and dangerous, deserves his fate. The movie ends a little too tidily, with a new AID official being greeted at the airport and the sense of a tide nearly too strong to stem. But in the expression of someone in the crowd—probably a member of the radical group—watching the AID man disembark, we are also shown continued defiance. And rage. And strength.

■ J.C.

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Chicago Scandal Mill

Chicago's newspapers last week were reveling in the juiciest of exposés. Broken originally by the *Sun-Times* and then banneted by its competitors as well, the scandal starred Alderman Thomas E. Keane, chairman of the city council's powerful finance committee and friend of Mayor Richard J. Daley. The story had all the ingredients of classic muckraking: secret land trusts, gigantic tax breaks and windfall profits from sales of choice public land. As the inquiries broadened, other city leaders were implicated. The series—five months in the making—was an example of investigative journalism at its most effective, but the *Sun-Times* could take only part of the credit. As in many recent journalistic attacks on mismanagement or unethical practice in Chicago, the Keane story was the result of an informal alliance between newsmen and a civic group with the deceptively benign name of the Better Government Association.

Sharing. The BGA, with a staff of ten trained lawyers and investigators, routinely lends its expertise to newspapers and television stations in the Chicago area. BGA men and reporters share the legwork and then consult on the finished story—though the journalists retain editorial control. When the *Sun-Times* editors decided to go after Keane, they called upon BGA immediately. "We go to them on difficult situations," says *Sun-Times* Editor James Hoge, "where lots of sustained and expert work is needed."

BGA Executive Director J. Terrence Brunner, 36, a former federal and local prosecutor, then assigned his investigators to join *Sun-Times* reporters in digging into the complex financial puzzles posed by Keane's maneuvers. "Investigative reporting now," says Brunner, "has become a lawyers' and accountants' game." Finally the results of the investigations were rounded into story form by Co-Authors Thomas Moore and Edward Pound. Once the *Sun-Times* series began running, BGA called a press conference for Chicago's other three dailies as well as for radio and television reporters and confirmed the details of the *Sun-Times* story. This allowed the rivals to move in without being embarrassed by having to lift their facts right from the *Sun-Times*.

The unusual collaboration was firmly joined in 1968 when Chicago *Tribune* Reporter George Bliss became a member of the BGA staff. He later returned to the *Tribune*, but Brunner, who arrived in 1971, has maintained and strengthened the alliance. As a result, the BGA, rather somnolent for most of its 50 years, now has influence out of all proportion to its membership (1,400) and its annual budget (\$200,000). Brun-

ner himself is something of a crusader. He is fond of stopping in mid-sentence, pounding his desk and exclaiming: "Damn it, people shouldn't take bribes!" Not the least of BGA's accomplishments has been to increase press interest in investigations.

A Chicago *Tribune*-BGA series on corrupt and inadequate ambulance service won a Pulitzer Prize. Another *Tribune* effort prodded the county government into efficiency measures that saved \$1,650,000. More than 100 shoddy nursing homes went out of business after the BGA, *Sun-Times* and WLS-TV exposed mistreatment of patients. The association helped the Pioneer Press



BRUNNER & EXPOSÉ HEADLINES
Help from a benign alliance.

report on drug traffic in a suburban community. With the Lerner papers, the BGA documented a civil service scandal in which employees, paid with federal funds, were doubling as precinct captains.

Though the BGA is a common source for almost all Chicago's investigative reporters, the always fierce inter-paper rivalry is as powerful as ever. The association remains strictly neutral in the competition; Brunner and his aides are careful never to tell the *Tribune*, for instance, what the *Sun-Times* is up to. Says he: "We're a free pool of investigative reporters who don't write stories and don't get bylines." They do get results. Although

Mayor Daley once accused the BGA of "looking through keyholes and over transoms and everything else," he rarely quarrels with its specific findings. In the current brouhaha, Alderman Keane called his first press conference in 18 years to deny any wrongdoing. But Daley called his own press conference—to announce cancellation of one of the franchise deals involving Keane that the *Sun-Times* had written about.

The Corn Is Green

Only a few years ago, most city folk thought that good ole country music was something only a born hillbilly could love. Now flat-picked guitars and twangy banjos have begun to compete with even the loudest howls of amplified rock; soulful laments about careless love are heard as often as hip pop. Last year's cornball is this year's lollipop—and to underline changing tastes, a new monthly magazine, *Country Music*, is Johnny-Cashing in.

Dreamed up over a Yale Club luncheon 18 months ago by a pair of Yale engineering alumni and a retired shoe-company executive, *Country Music* has jumped to a circulation of 70,000 in the eight months of its existence. Ad pages have gone up from six in the first two issues to 17 in the most recent number; projections call for 25 pages by September. Co-Founder John Killian predicts the magazine will be in the black from now on. "We had no background in music," says Killian, "but we knew what we wanted: quality writing and photography." Killian and his partners—Russell Barnard, who is publisher of *Harper's*, and Spencer Oettinger, the former shoe manufacturer—needed first of all an editor and a backer. They recruited Peter McCabe, a writer for *Rolling Stone*, to run the magazine and coaxed Publisher John Cowles of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co. into putting his company behind the project.

The magazine's formula—still not firmly set—is a mix of interviews with prominent musicians and takeouts on their life-styles. There are personality pieces on country stars like Tammy Wynette and Waylon Jennings, photo takeouts on the mammoth cross-country buses converted into rolling homes by many performers, reviews of films and books that might interest country-music enthusiasts, and of course notices of new country records.

One of the few mistakes *Country Music* has made about its audience so far has been to print 5,000 posters of *Hee Haw* Star (and *Country Music* humor columnist) Archie Campbell. He is sprawled in the pose made famous by Burt Reynolds in *Cosmopolitan* and clad in red-and-white-striped plaid underwear. Of the 5,000 posters printed, *Country Music* has sold just 37. "We discovered," says McCabe, "that our readers wallpaper their walls. Unlike rock fans, they don't put up posters."



MERCEDES SHOPPERS IN MANHATTAN



BUYING HIGH-FASHION SHOES IN BEVERLY HILLS

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

INFLATION

Scary Spending Avalanche

BUOYED by a rising tide of prosperity, consumers have gone on a damn-the-expense, damn-the-high-cost-of-living buying spree. The sustained burst of personal spending, especially in the first three months of 1973, is propelling retail sales and corporate profits to new peaks. It is also raising nightmarish prospects for Administration policymakers charged with the tricky task of keeping the economy moving briskly while avoiding a destructive price spiral. Their efforts to check inflation could well prove futile unless the blistering pace of consumer buying is somehow slowed in the months ahead.

Retail sales during the first quarter of 1973 climbed roughly 6% over the last three months of 1972. In March alone they rose to \$42 billion, up 16% from the same month last year. Auto sales in March zoomed to 1.1 million, the highest one-month total ever. If purchases continue to rise at their present pace, private spending this year will reach \$800 billion or more, v. \$720 billion last year. Higher prices account for some of the rise in dollar totals, but the biggest advances by far are the result of ravenous demand.

Indeed there are worrisome signs that the economy is heading into an old-fashioned demand-pull inflation, in which too many dollars chase too few goods. Shortages are now cropping up in a diverse assortment of items including meat, gasoline, lumber, hides, steel, zinc, textiles, electronic components,

resins and bearings. When scarcities become widespread, prices are all but impossible to control; historically, in such situations, they have declined only after the onset of a recession. In addition, first-quarter earnings reports issued by major corporations last week showed profit increases over a year earlier ranging from 11% for General Electric to 47.5% for International Paper. Such increases will tempt union chiefs to demand outside pay raises in important negotiations this year. If they win, the economy could suffer both demand-pull and cost-push inflation at the same time—a potent recipe for disaster.

Up. Chances that the present spending orgy will falter soon are remote. Employment, wages and dividends are up, and personal income is expected to swell to \$1 trillion in 1973. Increased Social Security benefits will pour an extra \$32 billion into the spending stream this year. The Internal Revenue Service is in the midst of refunding an estimated \$22 billion to taxpayers. This is an increase of between \$5 billion and \$8 billion over a "normal" year because the Government withheld too much from paychecks last year.

Consumers clearly intend to spend rather than save a rising proportion of their extra dollars. They are now banking less than 7% of their after-tax income—compared with more than 8% two years ago. Sales are especially strong for jewelry, high fashion, big foreign cars and other costly luxury items. Foley's department store in Houston re-

ports a rush on \$250 electronic watches. "People have a hell of a lot of money and they are spending it for big-ticket items," says Harold Spurway, president of Carson Pirie Scott, a Chicago-based department store chain.

Economists are at odds as to how to contain the inflationary impact of such a spending binge. Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists and occasional adviser to President Nixon, asserts that in holding down the fiscal 1974 budget and the growth of the nation's money supply, the Government is "doing the only things that can be expected to work." Walter Heller, another Board member, believes that much more may be required to avoid a rash of fat union contracts that would build in inflationary pressures for the next three years. "Though I loathe it," he says, "I would be willing to go along with a temporary freeze on prices."

Similar sentiment is building in Congress for a crackdown on the price spiral. Last week the House Rules Committee approved for a floor vote a bill that would freeze for at least a year all prices and some interest rates at their March 16 level. Representative Wilbur Mills, chairman of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee and an astute observer of congressional moods, also called for a Phase I-like freeze on prices and wages at their present level.

The Administration maintains that spending and price rises will taper off later in the year, putting the economy on a relatively inflation-free growth track. Still the upward march of prices and the avalanche of consumer spending could well force the free-market apostles of the Nixon Administration into yet another agonizing reappraisal.

WAGES

Maxi-Split on Minimums

During his first four months in office, Labor Secretary Peter J. Brennan managed to remain all but invisible: he held no formal press conferences, granted precious few interviews and avoided appearing before Congress. Last week the former hardhat from Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen finally surfaced to detail for a House subcommittee the Nixon Administration's minimum-wage bill—and with that single appearance, Brennan provoked a maxi-split with his old colleagues in the union movement. Said AFL-CIO President George Meany: "We are agast that Brennan has so completely abandoned the trade-union principles he espoused for all of his life before coming to Washington." Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, was more succinct. Brennan, he said, was "a son of a bitch."

Judged by the overall figures, what Brennan said hardly seemed to warrant that reaction. He suggested raising the minimum wage nearly 44% over the next four years, to \$2.30 an hour. But men like Meany and Wurf learned long ago to read the fine print in any proposal. They were predictably annoyed that this year's increase would only be from \$1.60 to \$1.90 an hour, a dime less than the Administration itself proposed two years ago. The earnings of a full-time worker who got the minimum wage this year would stay well below the poverty line for an urban family of four. Moreover, Brennan did not advocate extending minimum-wage coverage to any of the millions of workers who are now excluded, and union men say that they are the ones who most need a raise. They include many maids, retail clerks, farm and restaurant workers, government employees and anyone working

for a business that grosses less than \$250,000 a year.

Brennan further argued for allowing employers to pay teen-age workers as little as 80% of the adult minimum wage, or \$1.52 an hour this year—less than they get now. Among union men that proposal is known as the "McDonald's plan" because it has been strongly pushed by the McDonald's hamburger-stand chain, which employs 80,000 teen-agers—more than all but a few businesses in the nation. McDonald's is headed by Chairman R.A. Kroc, who gave \$250,000 to the Nixon campaign last year.

No Plan. The idea of establishing a lower minimum wage for teen-agers has picked up support even among some liberal economists, who believe that forcing employers to pay youths as much as adults only discourages them from hiring the 14% of youngsters aged 16 to 19 who are jobless. Labor leaders argue that establishing a teen-age differential would prompt some employers to fire adult workers and hire youths to replace them. Brennan did propose that a teen-ager's pay be upped to the full adult minimum wage after 13 weeks on the job, but he offered no plan to prevent an employer from hiring a youngster for 13 weeks, then firing him and hiring another.

The broader question of minimum-wage legislation presents a difficult choice between economic and social values. Some liberal economists worry that the minimum wage spreads unemployment by making bosses pay marginal workers more than they think their labor is worth. There is some concern that a boost would be inflationary; though Brennan's proposal would cost employers only \$771 million this year in raises to the 1,000,000 workers who actually get the minimum wage, it might raise the pay of many others who now get more than the minimum and would demand the same differential. For their part, a few conservative economists

concede that there is a strong case in social justice for a generous hike: the minimum wage has not been raised for seven years, during which consumer prices have risen 32%, and any increase now would go directly to the working poor. Union men note caustically that Brennan himself, during his confirmation hearings early this year, endorsed an extension of the minimum wage to more workers. Brennan's reply: "The Secretary has to speak for the President, and that's what I did."

EAST-WEST TRADE

Sign Now, Pay Later

These days when U.S. businessmen venture into Moscow to explore trade possibilities, they frequently have in mind a simple machines-for-minerals deal—their technology in return for Siberian natural gas, for example. Soviet leaders, who have been criticized at home for planning to turn Russia into what dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov once termed a "raw-material supply appendage" for the West, are extremely sensitive about such proposals. They are far more receptive to plans that allow the Soviets to pay for the U.S. technology they want with the very goods that will be produced by using that technology. Occidental Petroleum Chairman Armand Hammer put together just such a pay-for-itself scheme, and last week Occidental and Kremlin trade officials reached general agreement on the largest U.S.-Soviet trade deal ever contemplated—a multi-billion-dollar barter arrangement involving chemicals and fertilizer.

If the plan is put into action, Occidental and San Francisco's Bechtel Corp. will build a huge chemical-plant complex in the Volga River city of Kuibyshev. It would produce up to 4,000,000 tons of liquid ammonia and 1,000,000 tons of urea annually, which Occidental would get over a 20-year period in return for its investment. These chemicals would be sold on the open market throughout the world. In addition, the Soviets would get large quantities of superphosphoric acid, produced by Occidental in the U.S., which would be manufactured into phosphate fertilizers sorely needed by the Russian agriculture industry.

With his customary élan, the Russian-speaking Hammer celebrated the deal at a signing ceremony attended by two Soviet industrial ministers and then flew out of Moscow in his private jet without telling even his top aides many of the details. Among them: just how much the agreement is worth (estimates range from \$4 billion to \$8 billion) and how Occidental's investment will be financed. One guess: bank loans guaranteed by the U.S. Government. Said a businessman familiar with Occidental: "Where the money comes from is still the big question."

TEEN-AGE WORKERS AT A MCDONALD'S HAMBURGER STAND IN NEW YORK CITY



Introducing the Plymouth Fury Special. Special inside. Special outside.

Our new Fury Special is just what the name says it is—special.

There's the special dark Chestnut Metallic color (you can also get Sahara Beige). There's the special parchment vinyl roof. The special tapestry cloth and parchment vinyl bench seat (with center armrest). The special dark tan shag carpeting. And more.

Underneath the body of the Special lies the heart of a Fury III.

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inserts. And there's our practically maintenance-free Electronic Ignition System—for more dependable starts in all kinds of weather.

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Now if you were to build a nice, big, comfortable car of your own, wouldn't it be something "special" like this? But you don't have to build a car like that. We already have. See the Fury Special soon. A Gold Sticker Value at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.

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GOLD
STICKER
VALUES
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seat room, more room to roam.



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| Cleveland | 11:10 am DC-10* | San Francisco | 10:00 am 747 | Honolulu | 1:20 pm 747 |
| Chicago | 12:10 pm DC-10* | | | | 5:00 pm 747 |

*Effective June 1. 707 through May 31.

NORTHWEST ORIENT 

ORIENT EXPRESS

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Getting the rocks in the Johnnie Walker Red bottle
is a lot easier than getting
the Johnnie Walker Red in the bottle.



Only a master blender with years of priceless knowledge can make every single drop of Johnnie Walker Red taste the same year after year.

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Anybody with a bottle cutter can get the rocks in.

**Say "Johnnie Walker Red."
You won't get it
by just saying "Scotch."**

Partial Reprieve on Pollution

THREE years ago, Congress made a brave attempt to legislate into being technology that did not exist: it told U.S. automakers that by the time 1975-model cars rolled from assembly lines, pollution from auto exhausts would have to be cut to levels Detroit's engineers could not then reach. Ever since, the air has been filled with a smog of contradictory warnings. Environmentalists argue that Detroit must be held to the deadline or it will stall endlessly on the job of cleansing exhausts. Automakers insist that the standards are still technically unfeasible. Last week Environmental Protection Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus, who must enforce the Clean Air Act, decreed a compromise. He gave the auto industry an extra year to meet the full, rigid requirements of the law, but set interim standards so tough that Detroit's reaction was immediate and angry anyway.

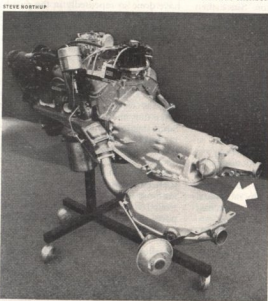
Debate. The quadruphonic howls of protest indicated that Ruckelshaus had passed one test of an impartial compromise: he outraged both sides about equally. Ralph Nader, Detroit's perennial fifth wheel,* charged that the EPA decision amounted to "capitulation to the domestic auto industry, pure and simple." Automakers insisted that the interim standards are still too stiff. General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstberg pronounced himself "dismayed"; Henry Ford II pledged to "examine the avenues of administrative, legislative and legal recourse open to us" to get both the interim and final standards softened. The contrasting denunciations unintentionally symbolized what Ruckelshaus himself called "the ambivalence of the American public's intense drive for healthy air and [its] apparently insatiable appetite for fast, efficient and convenient automobiles."

Center of the debate is a complex device called a catalytic converter, an afterburner that cleanses exhaust of nearly all carbon monoxides and hydrocarbons. Auto engineers who banked nearly all their antipollution hopes on that device now claim that by 1975 it will still have major defects—including a marked tendency to clog out long before it has endured the legally required 50,000 miles of service. Furthermore, the engineers contend, auto companies have never before introduced such a complicated and bug-prone piece of equipment on every new car in a single year. Any attempt to force them to do so with the catalyst, Detroit officials warn, could cause supply problems and even shut down plants. The cars that were produced would burn excessive amounts of fuel and require repair far too frequently.

*And who attended Princeton with Ruckelshaus in the mid '50s.

The automen pleaded with Ruckelshaus to leave antipollution requirements unchanged for an extra year—except in smog-plagued California, where the catalysts could be given a tryout.

Clearly, Ruckelshaus bought only part of that argument. His interim standards for California will indeed necessitate a catalyst on every new 1975-model car sold in that state, but the requirements will be stiffened from present levels in the rest of the country too. By 1975, autos outside California may emit only 1.5 grams of hydrocarbons and 15 grams of carbon monoxide for each mile traveled. The Environmental Protection Agency estimates that, compared with current



GENERAL MOTORS' CATALYTIC CONVERTER
A clash between healthy air and fast, efficient automobiles.

pollution levels, these standards will take California two-thirds of the way, and the rest of the country halfway, toward meeting the requirements originally laid down for 1975. Henry Ford II asserts that the requirements still "are so tough as to make it extremely doubtful that we can meet them across the full range of our production without the use of expensive, untried catalysts" on most cars.

Ruckelshaus, in contrast, figures that because of other engine improvements called for during the next two years, the car makers will have to fit catalysts to only 10% of 1975-model cars sold outside California. The new schedule, he believes, will give Detroit time to learn the production technology necessary to meet the full, original requirements of the law by 1976. His agency contends that much of Detroit's other nay-saying is groundless. Gov-

ernment scientists insist that fuel consumption in cars fitted with catalysts will be no higher than in cars equipped with the antipollution devices now required, and that even some catalysts that Detroit testers classified as "catastrophic" failures can cut emissions 50% or more from present levels.

Ruckelshaus hopes that automen will also use their extra year to explore alternate cleanup techniques. Among the most promising: a "stratified-charge" engine now being readied for mass production by Honda of Japan; it seems to require less change in the basic internal-combustion engine than any other antipollution idea and has extremely high fuel efficiency to boot. Environmentalists fear that Detroit will choose to concentrate its energies on a lobbying campaign to get the Clean Air Act weakened, and Ruckelshaus himself believes that there may



EPA CHIEF RUCKELSHAUS

be lawsuits aimed at overturning his decision.

The White House has hinted that it may be sympathetic to such efforts; on a visit to Detroit in February, Domestic Affairs Chief John Ehrlichman said that parts of the law do not make "common sense" and could bring "ridiculous consequences." Ruckelshaus agrees that the law should be changed to reduce the allowable limits for nitrogen oxides that are scheduled to go into effect on '76-model cars. New medical evidence, he says, shows that the levels set three years ago were unreasonably strict. However, Ruckelshaus insists that the White House put no pressure on him during the current debate, and believes that the year's delay in imposing the full standards will weaken the force of the industry's arguments with motorists, Congressmen and judges.

Frank Discussion of Common Concern

THE best way to solve problems is to foresee them before they become problems." Those words from Dr. Joachim Zahn, chairman of the executive board of West Germany's Daimler-Benz, expressed as well as any the sense of an unusual meeting in Brussels this month. Nearly 40 chief executives of leading European and American business and banking firms assembled in the Common Market's headquarters city, under the auspices of TIME, for a colloquy on their common concerns.

For most of the Europeans, the meeting was a reunion. At TIME's invitation, they had journeyed to the U.S. 17 months ago to hear the views of Cabinet officers, Government officials and legislators in Washington. Since then drastic changes had swept the transatlantic business community: the dollar had been devalued twice, the world's major currencies had begun floating, a shortage of energy suddenly seemed imminent. For two days, participants analyzed their increasingly interdependent futures. A sampling of the discussions:

THE DOLLAR PROBLEM

Most participants agreed that reform of the international monetary system had to start with a reduction of the "dollar overhang"—the \$80 billion or so held by central and commercial banks, by companies and by individuals outside the U.S. Fernand Collin, chairman of Belgium's Kredietbank, proposed that the U.S. Government sell dollar bonds abroad. By so doing, said Collin, the U.S. would reduce the pool of volatile money and could use the proceeds within the U.S.

Dr. Wilhelm Christians, a managing director of the Deutsche Bank, said that the world would have to be patient while the U.S. tried to turn its payments deficit into a surplus. "Most people expect too much too quickly from currency realignments," he explained. "The experience of American industry is different from the European. We have had to export to survive. American companies generally have not. Many have preferred to export dollars, to build plants overseas rather than to export goods."

Robert Triffin, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, warned: "Experience can only make you—and me—skeptical about the willingness and ability of responsible officials to reach sensible agreements." Yet such agreements are urgently needed, he said, "to end the present drift towards unilateral, nationalistic and mutually defeating policies, bound to bring disaster to all concerned."

His proposals for reform: 1) central banks should phase out national currencies as a reserve asset and substitute an international form of asset,

preferably one issued by the International Monetary Fund; 2) all major currencies, particularly the dollar, should be convertible into this new asset; 3) governments should continue to "demonetize" gold by not buying it in the private market, but they should be free to sell gold in the market, to each other, or to the IMF at any agreed price; 4) domestic policies or exchange rates, or both, should be adjusted whenever a country's foreign exchange reserves rise or fall substantially; 5) countries should harmonize interest rates in order to avert flows of short-term money seeking maximum earnings. Triffin also urged U.S. officials to "stop triggering bearish speculation in the dollar. They have done so repeatedly in the past by arguing for exchange-rate flexibility and hailing as a victory every upward valuation of foreign currencies and every devaluation of the dollar."

FREE TRADE

Many of the executives felt that free trade is still in danger, though the Europeans were less apprehensive than when they met in Washington in 1971. Some suggested that the world was moving toward a different definition of free trade. Pierre Waltz, general director of Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère, even stated: "Free trade, as visualized in the last century, is dead. We are in a situation of haphazardly controlled free trade. If Texas cattle imports seriously disrupted the outdated European agricultural system, no Texas cattle would be allowed into Europe. If Japanese shipyards threaten American shipyards, ways will be found to protect the American yards." Sweden's Pehr Gyllenhammar, president of Volvo, agreed that it is uncomfortable to be invaded by the products of a country that has a keener competitive edge. "But," he asked, "will the U.S. recognize that because of its loss of competitive ability, it will continue to be invaded by the Japanese and others?"

Hendrik Van Riemsdijk, president of Philips' Gloeilampenfabrieken, asserted: "We in The Netherlands are free traders. As far as the Japanese penetration of Europe is concerned, I would like to point out that it is the excessive scale on which Japanese imports are increasing that constitutes a threat to employment. The Benelux governments are advocates of greater freedom for imports of European products



DAIMLER-BENZ'S JOACHIM ZAHN



ECONOMIST ROBERT TRIFFIN



CHRISTIANS, DE ROTHSCHILD & GYLLENHAMMAR
A vigorous colloquy on common concerns.

into Japan itself." Folke Lindskog, chairman of Svenska Kullagerfabriken (S.K.F.), emphasized that "the Japanese protect their home market. They are reluctant to allow us to establish ourselves as manufacturers in Japan, although they are free to establish 100% ownership of factories in the U.S. and in important European countries." Many speakers, including Lindskog, thought that Japan was starting to soften its attitudes because of fears of retaliation.

ENERGY AND ENVIRONMENT

Both Gerrit A. Wagner, president of Royal Dutch Petroleum, and Sir Eric Drake, chairman of British Petroleum, denied that there is an energy "crisis." What there is, said Drake, is a man-made shortage of energy in certain places. In the U.S., he contended, government regulation of natural gas prices has discouraged investment in new sources of supply, and environmentalists have virtually stopped the building of new electrical generating plants and urgently needed oil refineries. There is

no physical world shortage of oil, he said.

British estimates place current world production of oil at about 19 billion bbl. a year, and project that it must rise to 35 billion by 1980 and to between 45 and 55 billion by 1990 to satisfy global consumption needs. However, said Drake, "Our estimate is that the remaining proven conventional reserves of oil amount to 570 billion bbl." Sir Eric stated: "We believe there are potential reserves of another 1,080 billion bbl. In addition, we think we could get about 700 billion bbl. of oil from tar sands and another 3,140 billion bbl. from oil-bearing shale." Not all those actual and potential reserves are recoverable at current prices, he pointed out. Moreover, as several speakers said, some two-thirds of conventional oil reserves lie beneath Middle Eastern and North African countries, and all of them are constantly raising the price.

Charles Tillinghast, chairman of Trans World Airlines, argued that the energy crisis is political—and thus not

easily soluble. "The technology may be there," said Tillinghast, "but the political will is not. Environment may be the concern of only a minority of people in the U.S., but we have reached the stage where almost any determined group can block the doing of anything. I don't think we shall see solutions coming until things have got considerably worse. I think it is going to take cold houses and unemployment through lack of energy to persuade the public and the politicians that something drastic must be done."

AGRICULTURE

Food prices are even higher in Europe than in the U.S., which is a source of American complaints that the Common Market's agricultural program distorts world trade. "We have established in recent years the most planned market that ever existed," said Louis Camu, chairman of the Banque de Bruxelles. "Every day the price for eggs, for example, is fixed by a computer in Brussels and then transmitted to the people who buy, sell and transport them. What is astonishing is that the system works. Of course, there is a need for change, but the agricultural voters are influential and their trade unions are strong. Before we can start bringing prices down by importing food from the U.S., there will be a very long struggle."

Belton K. Johnson, a director of the King Ranch in Texas, had visited the Brussels meat market and reported: "Those women down there were knocking each other around paying twice as much for beef as we pay in the U.S., but we could airlift beef out of Amarillo, Texas, into Brussels tomorrow morning. But they won't let us do it. Agricultural expertise is one of the best things the U.S. has to sell. Yet here in Europe we are fighting with one hand tied to our back."

The Brussels meeting ranged across many issues. Perhaps one theme linked them all: this is an age of uncertainty and of complex links between seemingly disparate subjects. Middle Eastern politics is closely related to the supply and price of oil, and the price and availability of energy helps to determine both an industrial nation's standard of living and its competitiveness in world markets. Similarly, labor's insistent demand for a bigger share in prosperity is a cause of inflation and of governmental attempts to restrain it by raising interest rates. That, in turn, tends to reduce consumption and new investments. The level of interest rates in different countries partly determines the direction and force of capital flows, which are a source both of balance of payments problems for individual nations and of world monetary turbulence. One conclusion: top managers today need to be better informed about more subjects than ever before—and, as those in Brussels pointed out time and again, so do their partners in government.

Prestigious Panel

THE TIME symposium gathered some of the most prestigious names in world business. The list:

Giovanni Agnelli, Fiat; Giuseppe Bertola, Brown, Boveri & Co.; Count René Paul Boël, Solvay et Cie.; Willard C. Butcher, Chase Manhattan Corp.; Louis Camu, Banque de Bruxelles; Alain Chevalier, Moët-Hennessy; Dr. F. Wilhelm Christians, Deutsche Bank; Fernand Josef Collin, Kredietbank, N.V.; Dr. Paul Dax, Siemens; Sir Eric Drake, British Petroleum; Baron Edouard-Jean Empain, Electrorail; Nils Foss, F.L. Smidth & Co.; Pehr G. Gyllenhammar, Volvo; Alfred H. Heineken, Heineken, N.V.; Belton K. Johnson, King Ranch; Dr. Konrad

Henkel, Henkel GmbH; Stephen F. Keating, Honeywell; Folke Lindskog, Svenska Kullagerfabriken (S.K.F.); Jacques G. Maisonrouge, IBM World Trade; Sir Arthur Norman, The De la Rue Co.; Dr. Aurelio Pecci, Olivetti; Count Theo Rossi Di Montelera, Martini & Rossi; Evelyn de Rothschild, N.M. Rothschild & Sons; Dermot A. Ryan, Ryan's Tourist Holdings; Nino Rovelli, Società Italiana Resine; Curt R. Strand, Hilton International; Charles C. Tillinghast Jr., TWA; Hendrik A.C. Van Riemsdijk, Philips' Gloeilampenfabriek; Eberhard Von Kuenheim, Bayerische Motoren Werke (B.M.W.); Gerrit A. Wagner, Royal Dutch Petroleum; Pierre Waltz, Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère; Dr. Joachim Zahn, Daimler-Benz.

ALFRED HEINEKEN, ROSSI DI MONTELEA & OILMAN DRAKE



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featuring Jonelle Allen,
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One day, quite by accident,
Jack was promoted
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MILESTONES

Separated. Phil Esposito, 31, star of the Boston Bruins and the National Hockey League's leading scorer for the past three years, now mending from knee surgery after being injured two weeks ago in a playoff game; and Linda Esposito, thirtyish; after nine years of marriage, two children; in Boston.

Died. Dudley Senanayake, 61, quiet, conservative, three-time Prime Minister of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka); of heart disease; in Colombo, Sri Lanka. Succeeding his father as Prime Minister in 1952, Senanayake found his government beset with chronic inflation, food shortages and a leftist opposition determined to socialize the economy. After two brief terms plagued by rising prices (1952-53, 1960), he returned as Prime Minister in 1965 and held office until his government's decisive defeat by the Communist-backed Sri Lanka Freedom Party five years later.

Died. Henry Chandlee Turner Jr., 70, executive committee chairman and past president (1947-65) of the Turner Construction Co., which under his aggressive leadership became one of the nation's biggest builders of skyscrapers (the United Nations Secretariat, Chase Manhattan Bank Building); after suffering a stroke; in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Arthur Freed, 78, songwriter and one of Hollywood's best producers of movie musicals; of a heart attack; in West Los Angeles. After writing his first hit in 1923 (*I Cried for You, Now It's Your Turn to Cry over Me*), Freed teamed up with Composer Nacio Herb Brown and turned out a string of winners, including *Singin' in the Rain*, *Our Love Affair* and *All I Do Is Dream of You*. In 1939 he switched to producing and made more than 40 musicals including *An American in Paris* and *Gigi*, both Academy Award winners.

Died. Pablo Picasso, 91, protean genius of 20th century art (see ART).

Died. John Lord O'Brian, 98, prim, patriarchal dean of Supreme Court lawyers and an active partner in the prestigious Washington, D.C., firm of Covington & Burling; of a heart attack; in Washington. In a legal career spanning three-quarters of a century, O'Brian served as a U.S. Attorney in New York State, a Justice Department administrator and a private lawyer who championed the cause of civil liberties in Supreme Court hearings. Rigidly Republican and openly critical of New Deal spending during the '30s, he nevertheless defended the constitutionality of the Tennessee Valley Authority before the high court in 1935, and later served as the first general counsel of Roosevelt's War Production Board.

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There before us was President Lincoln as big as life, speaking of the things that make countries great.

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After the Hall of Presidents, the children wanted to see

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His job took a lot of muscle, sweat and patience.

We met and talked with a man there whose name was Del Rosengrant. A real blacksmith.

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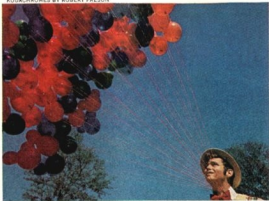
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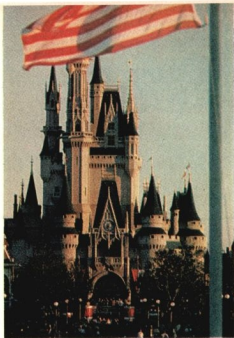
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Evening came to Walt Disney World with the lowering of the American flag and the singing of hymns.



After the American flag was lowered, revolutionary soldiers marched off playing Yankee Doodle.

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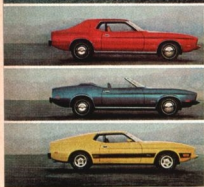
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SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT MAN—IV

Reaching Beyond the Rational

For the past three weeks, TIME has been examining America's rising discontent with entrenched intellectual ideas: liberalism, rationalism and scientism. In previous articles, TIME's Behavior, Religion and Education sections discussed how this trend has affected their domains. This week the Science section considers the repercussions for science and technology. It finds a deepening disillusionment with both, as well as a new view among some scientists that there should be room in their discipline for the nonobjective, mystical and even irrational.

IN the years after World War II, few professional people were more widely acclaimed or publicly admired in the U.S. than scientists and engineers. Together they had not only perfected key weapons for the triumphant Allies, but also compounded the miracle of modern medicine, discovered among other wonders the mechanism of heredity, and not incidentally helped give America a material standard of living higher than any in history. More recently, they capped their achievements by landing men on the moon. Indeed, such was their success that many people became convinced that there were scientific or technological "fixes" for all the nation's problems, including its most serious social ills. Even as late as 1967, after Watts, Newark and Detroit had been engulfed in flames, the dean of M.I.T.'s College of Engineering, Gordon Brown, could be heard to proclaim: "I doubt if there is such a thing as an urban crisis, but if there were, M.I.T. would lick it in the same way we handled the Second World War."

Such arrogant and naive optimism sounded questionable even then. Today it has a particularly hollow ring. For after years of sunny admiration, science suddenly finds itself in a shadow. No longer are scientists the public's great heroes or the beneficiaries of unlimited funding. Unemployment runs high in many scientific disciplines; the number of young people drawn to the laboratory in certain key areas has diminished significantly. Indifference to scientific achievement is the mood of the moment. Even such bold ventures as new voyages to the moon or Mars, construction of giant atom smashers, and journeys to the depths of

the sea fail to excite a public that is half jaded, half doubtful of the future benefits of such extravagant undertakings.

In part, the turnabout came from an increasing awareness of the environmental ravages that seem to accompany technological advance. On a more philosophical level, the reversal is the result of a new mood of skepticism about the quantifying, objective methods of science. Moreover, there has begun to emerge, even within the laboratory, a new fascination with what traditionalists consider the very antithesis of science: the mystical and even irrational. Says Harvard Biologist-Historian Everett J. Mendelsohn: "Science as we know it has outlived its usefulness."

That statement comes at a curious juncture in Western history—the 500th anniversary of the birth of the Polish churchman and scholar Nicholas Copernicus. It was his dryly mathematical, yet brash book *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies* that dislodged the earth—and man along with it—from the center of the universe, moving the sun into that place. The Copernican theory shook the most basic theological and philosophical canons of the day. Even more important, it provided the intellectual spark for the tremendous acceleration of knowledge that Western culture has since come to call science.

Under the stubborn prodding of Galileo Galilei, Johannes Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton and Copernicus' other intellectual heirs, questions of nature were thrust directly into the combative, public arena of empirical inquiry. For the first time, experiments became crucial. Theories were supported by close observation. The new scientific method, stressing reason and logic, was born. Individual scientists might still occasionally be wrong—sometimes outrageously so, as when Newton believed that the sun was inhabited. Yet it was the testing of such hypotheses, however far-fetched, that caused a new intellectual excitement to sweep the Western world, a determination to explore, understand and dominate nature, which had hitherto dominated man. Indeed, such was the faith in "natural philosophy," as science called itself, that its practitioners quickly came to believe that all mysteries would eventually yield before it. Science in effect became the new religion.

The ease with which scientists uncovered nature's secrets—the

A MUSHROOM CLOUD FOLLOWING 1961 NUCLEAR TEST



YOUNG COPERNICUS IN ROOFTOP OBSERVATORY: PUTTING THE EARTH IN ITS PLACE



SCIENCE

laws of planetary motion and gravity, the basic principles of magnetism, the intricacies of the blood system—encouraged such a heady feeling. The universe, the scientists claimed, was simply smoothly functioning clockwork; each action within it had a cause. Chop the actions into small enough slivers, reduce them to their "simplest" forms, and science would identify all their causes. It was a highly mechanistic view, and it became more firmly entrenched with each new breakthrough by the new science and its offspring—technology.

Science did indeed bring forth a Brave New World—of transistors and miniaturized electronics, antibiotics and organ transplants, high-speed computers and jet travel. But progress came at a price. It was the genius of science that also made possible such horrors as the exploding mushroom cloud over Hiroshima, the chemically ruined forests of Indochina, the threat of a shower of ICBMs, a planet increasingly littered with technology's fallout. It is this Faustian side of science, with its insatiable drive to conquer new fields, explore new territory and build bigger machines, regardless of costs or consequences that worries so many critics.

The current disenchantment is also rooted in the growing gulf between scientists and laymen. In an earlier age, one man alone might dare take up a host of scientific challenges. Now science has been subdivided into so many cubbyholed disciplines that not even a Galileo or a Newton could keep pace with all developments. Some 25,000 books and a million scientific articles are published each year. Most of them are written in such abstruse jargon and abstract mathematical terms as to be incomprehensible except to specialists. Even computer systems seem unable to cope with the onslaught of information, to say nothing of translating it into understandable language. "It is quite easy to visualize a situation, perhaps in 100 years," says Economist Kenneth Boulding of the University of Colorado, "in which the whole effort of the knowledge industry will have to be devoted to transmitting knowledge from one generation to the next."

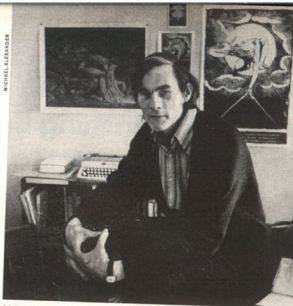
Of the spokesmen for anti-science, none has been more articulate or corrosive than Theodore Roszak, 39, a historian by profession, a cultural Cassandra by inclination, the man that Britain's *New Scientist* calls the "romantic at reason's court." It was he who best described the youthful dissenters of the late '60s in his bestselling *The Making of a Counterculture*. In his latest book, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, he turns his considerable polemic skills on what he calls the West's bleak "mindscape of scientific rationality" and pleads for a return of submerged religious sensitivities.

According to Roszak, science's alleged objectivity and its attendant evils have denatured man's personal experience and taken the mystery and sacredness out of his life. In his eyes, reason is a limited human skill, only one among many. Insisting that there is also "spiritual knowledge and power," Roszak adds: "Here is a range of experience that we are screening out of our experience in the name of what we call knowledge."

IN the eyes of Roszak and other critics, each successive advance into the clockwork universe has been achieved at an extremely high cost. Under the tradition of mechanistic, scientific methodology, they contend, nature has become an object to poke, probe and dissect. "We have learned to think of knowledge as verbal, explicit, articulated, rational, logical, Aristotelian, realistic, sensible," wrote the late psychologist Abraham Maslow. "Equally important are mystery, ambiguity, illogical contradiction and transcendent experience."

This theme is echoed by other scientists as well. Says Geologist Frank Rhodes, dean of liberal arts at the University of Michigan: "It may be that the qualities we measure have as little relation to the world itself as a telephone number to its subscriber." In fact Rhodes and others are certain that the language of science is a metaphor for a limited kind of experience. Declares Richard H. Bube, a professor of materials science and electrical engineering at Stanford: "One of the most pernicious falsehoods ever to be almost universally accepted is that the scientific method is the only reliable way to truth."

Faith has also been shaken in one of the central beliefs of scientific methodology. Even the most "detached" scientific observers, says Harvard's Mendelsohn, are beginning to realize that they bring certain "metaphysical and normative judgments" to their work. In other words, scientific observations are not "theory-neu-



SCIENCE CRITIC THEODORE ROSZAK IN BERKELEY, CALIF., STUDY

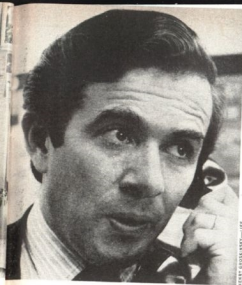


PRINCETON'S THOMAS KUHN: EXPONENT OF SCIENTIFIC PARADIGMS

tral," as scientists once claimed, but are actually "theory-laden." Such a radical attack on science's vaunted objectivity is supported by no less a scientific dictum than Physicist Werner Heisenberg's half-century-old Principle of Uncertainty, which points out that the very act of observing disturbs the system. Writes Physicist Dietrich Schroer in his perceptive book *Physics and Its Fifth Dimension: Society*: "It seems to be just as the romantics have been claiming. The observer cannot be separated from the experiment."

The Heisenberg Principle also suggests that rational science may be limited in its ability to comprehend nature; at best it can only arrive at certain statistical probabilities in determining, say, where an electron is at any given moment. The concept that the universe cannot be known by more definite methods than such "guesswork" was so revolutionary that even Einstein could not accept it. "God does not play dice with the universe," he insisted.

Reverberations from the Uncertainty Principle are still being



HARVARD'S EVERETT MENDELSON: IS SCIENCE DEAD?



PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTER INGO SWANN TRYING TO CONTROL TEMPERATURE OF VACUUM BOTTLES

felt. Heisenberg has recently used it to argue against constructing even bigger (and more expensive) atom smashers on the ground that little more of a fundamental nature can be learned of the subnuclear world. In his controversial book *The Coming of the Golden Age*, Molecular Biologist Gunther Stent brashly assumes that all basic questions in his field are either solved or close to solution. He also thinks that all scientific progress is fast approaching the point of diminishing returns. Man will never know how the universe began or what is the most fundamental of atomic particles, he says, because such mysteries remain "hidden in an endless and ultimately tiresome succession of Chinese boxes."

Heisenberg's and Stent's pessimistic prophecies are widely disputed. Many scientists, in fact, see very drastic changes on the horizon. They frequently invoke a model of scientific advance proposed by Historian Thomas Kuhn, who argues in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* that science is not cumulative, but that it collapses and is rebuilt after each major conceptual shift. Paradigms is the word he uses for those overreaching models and theories according to which each new era of science conducts its normal, day-to-day operations. Copernicus, for example, established a new paradigm of science with his heliocentric universe, overthrowing the old. Newton did likewise, and so did Einstein. Following such fundamental changes, "normal" scientists go back to work again, but with a different set of assumptions. Maslow pointed out that it is these "normal" technicians who created the stereotype of scientists as mechanical men with narrow vision. The innovative, imaginative paradigm makers, "the eagles of science," are another breed entirely.

Is science on the verge of some bold new paradigm? Convinced that it is, Physicist David Finkelstein of New York's Yeshiva University has been searching for a link between particle physics, relativity and human consciousness. "The way has been prepared to turn over the structure of present physics," he declares, "to consider space, time and mass as illusions in the same way temperature is only a sensory illusion."

Expounding an equally radical idea, Britain's Fred Hoyle believes that there may be processes under way in the universe that are totally at odds with accepted physical laws. Even so conservative a physicist as M.I.T.'s Morrison is willing to risk the ridicule of fellow scientists by participating in a symposium on understanding flying objects. "The idea of rationality is not that we should always be sober and do everything like Euclid," says Morrison. "Rationality has to include, so to speak, the irrational."

Some scientists, in fact, are exploring what once would have been dismissed as the irrational. In medicine and physiology, there is new respectability for such subjects as biofeedback—the idea that man can consciously control such functions as body temperature and heartbeat—and the ancient Chinese art of acupuncture.

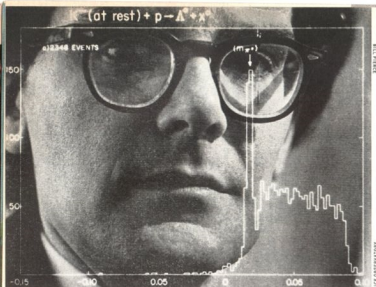
There is even a renewal of curiosity about the cataclysmic ideas of Immanuel Velikovsky, author of *Worlds in Collision*. A psychoanalyst turned amateur geophysicist, he attempted to explain stories such as the biblical account of the flood in terms of close encounters between the earth and a giant comet, a theory that conventional geophysicists totally reject.

PERHAPS the strangest realm in which there has been a new ripple of scientific interest is extrasensory perception (ESP). Not that scientific discussion of psychic phenomena is new: Freud, Physicist J.J. Thomson (discoverer of the electron), Thomas Edison and even Einstein at one time or another seriously considered the possibility. "Sheep" is the parapsychologists' word for those who believe in ESP; "goats" are skeptics. There is evidence, at least in England, that the number of sheep is increasing and the number of goats is decreasing. A questionnaire in the *New Scientist* last fall drew more than 1,500 answers, most of them from working scientists and technologists. Nearly 70% of the respondents could be classified as sheep of various hues, while only 3% were really "black" goats who believed that ESP is an impossibility.

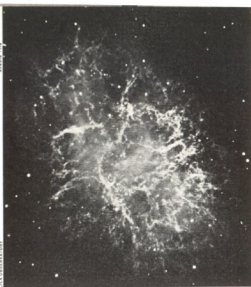
In the U.S., the first serious investigations of psychic phenomena were begun at Duke University in the late 1920s by Dr. (of botany) J.B. Rhine, who had his subjects shuffle cards and throw dice while others tried to predict the results. More recently, a few scientific centers, notably the Stanford Research Institute, have undertaken investigations of this magic- and fraud-filled arena. Even Astronaut Edgar Mitchell (unofficially) conducted an ESP experiment on his Apollo 14 flight to the moon, and now devotes himself full time to investigations of psychic phenomena. In spite of these efforts, however, experiments have been far from scientifically convincing. Only a few "psychically gifted" subjects like Artist Ingo Swann seem to make the rounds, and at least one of them, Uri Geller, has a highly questionable record (*TIME*, March 12).

Moreover, even if it could be proved to the general satisfaction of scientists that certain "endowed" individuals can transmit messages from one to another (telepathy), predict events (precognition) or control an object by their mental powers (psychokinesis), scientists would still ask, How did they do it? What mysterious powers lurk inside them? In short, says Gunther Stent in a recent article in *Scientific American*, there would have to be some revolutionary new paradigm to explain what now seems to be a complete breach of elementary physical laws.

One of the few serious physicists who believe that such a breach is imminent is Columbia University's Gerald Feinberg, who suggests in his book *The Prometheus Project* that man may eventually find the means to achieve immortality. Feinberg thinks



COLUMBIA'S GERALD FEINBERG: EXCEEDING THE UNIVERSE'S SPEED LIMIT



CRAB NEBULA IN WHICH PULSAR WAS FOUND IN 1968

that psychic transmissions may one day be linked to as yet undiscovered elementary particles, so-called mindons or psychons. Other scientists, however, give less credence to such will-o'-the-wisps than they give to another conjectured particle championed by Feinberg: the tachyon, which always travels faster than the speed of light, the theoretical speed limit of the universe.

Such fanciful musings as Feinberg's are hard to refute definitively, especially in view of the proliferation of weird subatomic particles discovered by physics (more than 15 at last count). At least so says Arthur Koestler, the novelist and interpreter of science who once compared Rhine's work favorably with that of Copernicus. In his recent book *The Roots of Coincidence*, Koestler calls on his considerable skills as a popularizer of modern quantum physics to buttress his beliefs. Matter, he notes, quoting Bertrand Russell, is "a convenient formula for describing what happens where it isn't." An absurdity? Not to the new generation of quantum physicists, says Koestler. No longer able to accept the atom as simply a miniature solar system in which negatively charged electrons blithely circle the positive nucleus, they found that the "electrons kept jumping from one orbit into a different orbit without passing through intervening space—as if the earth were suddenly transferred into the orbit of Mars without having to travel." Even stranger notions were still to come, he says, when physicists succeeded in producing such ghostlike particles as the neutrino (which has no mass, no electrical charge, and can hurtle with ease through the entire earth). In view of all this, argues Koestler, there should well be room in the "common sense-defying structure" of modern physics for ESP.

FOR most scientists, there are already enough mysteries to contemplate without such conjecturing. Indeed, recent discoveries in astronomy alone seem to have turned scientists into what Koestler calls "Peeping Toms at the keyhole of eternity." Many of them, for example, believe that those incredibly bright objects known as quasars (for quasi-stellar) sit at the very "edge" of the universe; that possibility got renewed support only last week when astronomers reported finding a quasar that may be as distant as 12 billion light-years from earth. A dissenting minority, including Fred Hoyle, offers another startling view: quasars are nearby objects, possibly newborn, in which supposedly invariable constants such as the acceleration of gravity are not constant but continually changing. Then there are pulsars, the collapsed cadavers of giant stars that give off extraordinary pulses of radiation, and kindred black holes, which are totally invisible but act like cosmic vacuum cleaners in sweeping up any stray stellar material in their vicinity. Where does this material go? England's Roger Penrose and Robert Hjelming of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory have dared to suggest that it might

surface elsewhere, perhaps in an entirely different universe.

From such mind-boggling ideas it is a short leap to wilder speculations. The overwhelming majority of scientists would probably agree with Mathematician Martin Gardner that "modern science should indeed arouse in all of us a humility before the immensity of the unexplored and a tolerance for crazy hypotheses." Says Harvard's Owen Gingerich, who is an astronomer as well as a historian of science: "There might be non-causal things in the world." He adds that it is only people with tunnel vision who "think our science will go on in a lineal, explanatory fashion. It may be that aspects of mysticism totally outside science may come back and be incorporated within its framework." The eminent German physicist-philosopher Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker believes that such a unity already exists. At his institute outside Munich, he is attempting to show the essential convergence between Eastern mysticism and Western science. Gopi Krishna, an exponent of Kundalini Yoga, was his guest there for six months. From their discussions, Weizsäcker has become increasingly convinced that "mysticism is one of the great discoveries of mankind." He adds: "It may turn out to be far more important than our time is inclined to believe."

For all their occasional tolerance of radical new ideas, however, few scientists are ready to discard the old rationality. Even the iconoclastic Mendelssohn admits that "there is too much of use in the scientific way of knowledge to simply brush it aside." Most scientists believe that a swelling chorus of anti-science could jeopardize solutions to the technological problems that so distress Roszak and other critics. "We have created the kind of world we cannot reverse," says M.I.T. President Jerome Wiesner. "Too many people are too dependent on technology for everything from agriculture to distribution of goods."

Science's critics may nevertheless have performed a highly important service by putting forth their questions, their doubts about relentless progress, their special pleas for a new harmony with nature. At the very least, they have helped prod scientists out of their old arrogance and aloofness and encouraged them to be more concerned—both spiritually and pragmatically—with the ends to which their quests will eventually lead. No longer are scientists likely to say, as Robert Hooke did three centuries ago when he helped found London's Royal Society: "This society will eschew any discussion of religion, rhetoric, morals and politics." Beyond that, the new critics have suggested that science does not have a stranglehold on truth, and that the cold, narrow rationality so long stressed by scientists is not the only ideology for modern man to live by. If such notions gain widening acceptance, they may usher in a new paradigm as significant as Copernicus' own revolutionary idea.



A TESTIMONIAL ABOUT A CAR, FROM A MAN WHOSE LIFE DEPENDS ON A CAR.

The flying car you see above is a Fiat 124 Sedan.

The man flying the car is a Frenchman by the name of Remy Jullienne. Europe's greatest living stunt driver.

"In my work, if you want to stay alive, you leave nothing to chance.

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100%. The body and suspension must be extraordinarily strong.

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interested to know that in the more than 100 films Remy Jullienne has made he's done more stunts in Fiats than in any other car.

And the Fiat he prefers to drive above all is the Fiat 124.

A family car.

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Pablo Picasso: The Painter as Proteus

ALL this century, critics have been writing about Pablo Picasso in the present indicative. He was 91 years, six months and 17 days old when the tense changed and "is" finally became "was." It seems like a malfunction of language itself. But by now the doors of the pantheon are sealed, the first wave of reminiscences has rolled by, the wreaths are laid. The dealers have gone down to their storage racks to rewrite the price tickets. The last Picassos have been painted, drawn, etched, cast, welded, thrown or glazed, and the most generous display of creative exuberance in several hundred years has stopped. Picasso's death has closed the period of history known as modernism.

That is not an easy fact to grasp. The world has taken Picasso's presence for granted for so long, in the 50 or more years since he became, or was made into, a culture hero, that it seemed natural to assume that he would not die. So might Tibetans take the daily sight of Anapurna as routine. The gap left by Picasso is not immediately measurable. Since the best of his long life's work survives, very little is physically lost; not even the paintings of his last years, most of which—to judge from what has been exhibited—would not be much of a loss in any case. But a myth has vanished.

The Self. Like some pharaoh taking his goods with him into the winding darkness below the sand, Picasso in dying has removed an idea of artistic activity from the West—an idea of which he was the last great exponent. It has to do with a passionate omnivorousness, a scale of experience not limited by a priori definitions of what painting or sculpture can carry; with an energetic and Mediterranean humanism. The life springs from the appetites, and the art from both. Or now, "sprang"; for no artist left alive has been able to rival Picasso's cultural embodiment of the self. The confidence in which Picasso lived—that everything really pleasurable or painful to the senses or central to one's social experience could be rendered in painting and sculpture—has disappeared. That certainty about the inclusiveness and eloquence of art was shared to some extent by every figure in the heroic years of modernism from (roughly) 1900 to 1940, by Joyce no less than by Picasso, by Matisse and Breton as well as by Stravinsky, Braque, Pound and Magritte. When it faltered, art suffered a slow leakage and underwent that loss of possibility and (worse) necessity that nearly everyone involved with its production, inspection, distribution and consumption feels today.

The image for this owl-eyed, leath-

ery stump of wrinkled vitality was Proteus: the *Odyssey's* old man of the sea, whose power was to assume any form—beast, wave or tree—at will. He is the tutelary saint of virtuosos, and Picasso's virtuosity is the one fact of modern art that everybody knows something about. Stories about it begin in his early childhood. It is said that his father, a provincial art teacher in La Coruña, Spain, turned over his own brushes and paints to this alarming offspring, confessing that little Pablo had already sur-

GEORGE WILK



PICASSO CLOWNING WITH MASK (1967)

The creative exuberance has stopped.

passed him as a painter and that he thus could work no longer. This Oedipal story (the child castrating the father) crops up often in the legends of genius, but it is possibly true of Picasso; he was almost as remarkable a child prodigy as Mozart. The precocity continued, through his studentship in *fin de siècle* Barcelona, into the Blue and Rose periods, with their dystrophied and consumptive clowns, absinthe addicts and acrobats. By 1907, Picasso's combative and his goading sense (which never entirely left him) of being up against history's wall resulted in the wrench of imagination that provoked Cubism and provides an arbitrary point of departure

for all that is most convulsive in Picasso's art and modernism generally: *Les Femmes d'Alger*. His eclecticism—another of the virtuosos' traits—produced incessant raids on other styles, from Pompeian murals, 17th century Dutch etchings and Ingres drawings to Dogon masks and Mogul miniatures. Few great artists since Rembrandt had amassed, and used, such a hybrid pile of objects from art or nature as Picasso; variety was his sauna. He had a mysterious capacity, now documented through an almost limitless range of motifs and graphic flourishes, to become whatever caught his attention.

But Homer's Proteus was more than a quick-change artist. Once pinned down—and the problem was in the pinning—he would revert to his original shape and utter prophecies. So with Picasso; and some of the deepest and most durable work he produced was made when he was, if not pinned down, at least constrained by shared responsibility. Thus his co-invention, with Braque, of Cubism: that system of anchoring and interlocking forms in space that proved to be the first workable (though less systematic) alternative to Renaissance perspective in modern art.

Eros. The view that Picasso's main contribution to modernity was Cubism is not, however, just. Cubism was an inexpressive system, and therein, admittedly, lay much of its beauty. But Picasso was also a master of expression. He could give a bronze skull a terrible, impacted and bullet-like solidity, the very *reductio* of death; or paint a jug so that it seemed distended with anxiety; or confer on the rounded limbs of his mistress in the '30s, Marie-Thérèse Walter, a rhythmic and sensuous languor that might otherwise have vanished from the nude after Ingres. No modern artist has been able to pack more sensation into a form than this Spaniard, engaged in his lifelong conversation with Eros and Thanatos.

The full sweep of Picasso's effect on modern art will probably never be documented—not because it is unapparent, but simply because nobody, for 30 years or more, has been untouched by him, so that the lesser details involve meaningless talents and run out in peripheries and shallows. He established collage as a formal device. His Cubist constructions steered the course of modern sculpture away from mass and toward open forms and rigging. His sheet-metal *Guitar* of 1912 was as prophetic of future sculpture as *Demoiselles* had been of later painting. His combination of found objects with metal, wood or string, such as his *Figure* of 1935, gave cues to later junk assemblers—



Wearing a favorite Spanish cape, Picasso had just returned from a bullfight when this picture was taken in 1962.

Domestic Scenes From An Epic Life



A brilliant rainbow broke out as Picasso (above) posed in 1959 in front of his medieval château at Vauvenargues; his bathroom (left), decorated with music-making fauns; the artist (lower left) with family and friends; Picasso (below), then a vigorous 80, preparing to take his Afghan Kabul for a little sun.



A Sampling From Six Prodigious Decades



Le Moulin de la Galette—1900



The Jugglers—1901



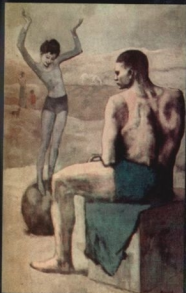
La Vie—1903



Woman Ironing—1904



Les Femmes d'Alger—1907



La Fillette à la Boule—1905



Self-Portrait—1906



Gertrude Stein—1906



Woman with Pears—1909

Nude Woman—1910



By the Sea—1920



Harlequin—1915



Nude on a Black Couch—1932

Sylvette David—1954



J.R. with Roses—1954



The Artist and His Model—1963

ART

such a summary could go on for pages.

Picasso's effect on the sociology of art was in no way less radical. That restless inventiveness provoked in collectors the expectations about stylistic "turnover" that, now built into the market, are such a strain on more single-minded talents. It is to Picasso that we owe, in no small way, the oppressive image of the artist as a superstar that only now is coming under attack. He has even had a degree of political effect: *Guernica*, the mural canvas he painted in protest against the fascist ruin of Spanish democracy, is certainly the most disseminated work of political art made in this century.

Picasso's wealth created a flamboyant archetype of success that has affected every creative life for the worse, though nobody expects to be as rich as Picasso. Not even the conspicuous earners of the past, like Rubens or Titian, made that kind of money. Thus out of the production of one year, 1969-70, he exhibited 167 oils and 45 drawings; in all, the gross market value of that fragment of his output was probably about \$15 million, and the value of Picasso's whole estate has been guessed at \$750 million or more. Although Picasso had long since parted with it, his *Nude Woman* of 1910 recently fetched a reported \$1.1 million from the National Gallery. That is believed to be the highest price yet paid for a Picasso and a clue to future price tags.

By 1940 Picasso was the most fa-

FIGURE, 1935



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

mous artist in the world; by 1970 he had become the most famous artist that ever lived, in the sense that more people had heard of him than ever heard the name, let alone saw the work, of Michelangelo and Cézanne while they were alive. The effect of this on him can only be guessed at. The engine an artist deploys against the world is necessarily himself, and within it are some delicate mechanisms that must be protected. In the work obsessions of his last years, he was possessively tended by the last of the seven major women in his life, Jacqueline Roque, 47, whom he

married in 1961. The old man made his final dive into the pre-classical past, becoming more than ever the inaccessible Triton or satyr, Homo Mediterraneus padded in nymphs; that myth was his official interface with an insatiable and by now meaningless public, and the work went on behind it.

Now that Picasso is dead, his life achieves a fleeting equality with the massive profile of the work. Whatever the verdicts on Picasso's achievement may be (there could be no single judgment on his stupendous diversity), his life was epic. Who in our time has lived so fully and with such daemonic intensity? There are no candidates. "Painting," he once observed, "is stronger than me; it makes me do what it wants." There is no way to guess on whom, if anyone, Picasso's now homeless dybbuk may next descend.

■ Robert Hughes

Pablo Picasso's Last Days and Final Journey

DEATH holds no fear for me," Picasso recently told a friend. "It has a kind of beauty. What I am afraid of is falling ill and not being able to work. That's lost time." Right up to the end, Picasso lost no time.

The day before he died had been a day like many others at Notre-Dame-de-Vie, his hilltop villa at Mougins on the French Riviera. Late in the afternoon the artist had taken a walk in the little park that surrounds his sprawling stone house overlooking the reddish foothills of the Maritime Alps. He liked now and then to gather flowers and vegetables in the garden, often taking them inside to draw. "That day I showed him the anemones and pansies, which he particularly liked," recalls Jacques Barrière, Picasso's gardener.

Later that evening Picasso and his wife Jacqueline entertained friends for dinner. Picasso was in high spirits. "Drink to me; drink to my health," he urged, pouring wine into the glass of his Cannes lawyer and friend, Armand Antébi. "You know I can't drink any more." At 11:30 he rose from the table

and announced: "And now I must go back to work." In recent weeks, he had been working especially hard, preparing for a big show of his latest paintings at the Popes' Palace in Avignon in May. On this night, before he went to bed, he painted until 3 a.m.

On Sunday morning Picasso awoke at 11:30, his usual hour, but this time he could not rise from his bed. His wife Jacqueline rushed in and then called for help. At 11:40, before a doctor could get there, Pablo Picasso was dead. Dr. Georges Rance, who arrived shortly afterward, attributed his death to a heart attack brought on by pulmonary edema, fluid in the lungs.

At daybreak on Tuesday, as an unseasonable snowfall blanketed the south of France, a small cortege left Mougins and carried Picasso's body to his 14th century château at Vauvenargues in the bleak Provencal countryside. Accompanying the body were Picasso's widow; her daughter by her first marriage, Catherine Hutin; and Paulo, 52, Picasso's son by his first marriage to the Russian dancer Olga Koklova. After the

110-mile journey, the mahogany casket, without ceremony, was placed in the château chapel to await the building of a mausoleum.

But the shroud of estrangement from three of his grown children that had clouded Picasso's last years also marred his death. For reasons never entirely clear, Maya, Picasso's daughter by his longtime mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, and Claude and Paloma, his children by Françoise Gilot, had been prevented from seeing their father in recent years. Last week the same sad situation prevailed. Indeed, this time police were on hand to turn away Marie-Thérèse and other old friends who came to pay their respects.

Later that day, Maya, Claude and Paloma drove to Vauvenargues and placed a large wreath of vivid flowers in the cemetery overlooking the château. "That was as close to our father as we could get," Maya said. "It's sad. The whole situation is very delicate." The next day, Paulo's son Pablo, 24, of nearby Golfe-Juan, was reported in serious condition after drinking a bottle of chloric acid. According to his mother (who has long been separated from Paulo), Pablo had been despondent about being kept from seeing his grandfather. Others said he had also

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ART

been depressed about financial troubles.

The choice of Vauvenargues as the burial site both delighted and surprised the village's 300 residents, since Picasso had rarely visited there in recent years. "We chose it partly because my father loved the Provençal light," explained Paulo. "Besides, the majestic surroundings were more worthy of him than Mougins, where he had sordid arguments with the village council. If ever a Picasso museum is created," he added, "Vauvenargues would be a fine place."

Picasso had been enchanted with the austere medieval château when he acquired it in 1958. It included 2,500

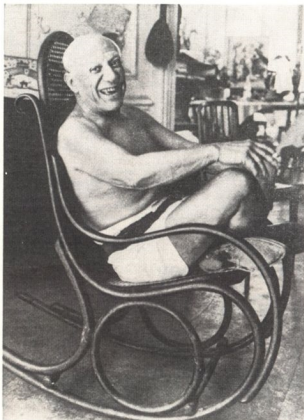
ing on to the house when necessary.

In the morning, he sometimes sketched in bed, and he delighted in going through the mail to see what outrageous request or oddity someone might have sent him. Like a good Spaniard, he lunched around 2 o'clock, then occasionally went for a walk in the garden with Jacqueline and their two Afghan hounds. After a siesta, there was tea, and when he was not expecting friends, Picasso read or worked until 2 or 3 in the morning. "Work is what commands my schedule," he told a friend. "Daylight is perfect to contact friends—which is always a must with an artist—and go out. In our modern times, we

up by his late secretary, Jaime Sabartes, in a palatial mansion in Barcelona. Picasso also decreed that his famed mural *Guernica*, which has been on temporary loan to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art since World War II, be returned to Spain when civil liberties have been restored. Last week, as Spain mourned him as its own, his countrymen expressed regret that Picasso had not ensured that more of his major works would one day be seen in his homeland.

In Paris, Picasso's lawyer announced that his widow and his son Paulo would respect a wish expressed by Picasso and donate the artist's valuable

DAVID DOUGLAS BURCKAN



PICASSO ROCKING IN HIS STUDIO (1958)

On his last evening, a walk in the garden, dinner with friends, and work until 3 a.m.



JACQUELINE PICASSO AT VAUVENARGUES CHÂTEAU (1962)

acres on the north slope of Mont Sainte Victoire, and, as he told a friend at the time: "I have just bought myself Cézanne's view." He liked the vast rooms, since he was always running out of space for his paintings and sculptures. But he soon changed his mind. Few friends dropped by as they did on the Riviera, and it was too far from the sea to enable him to take an occasional swim. Finally, in 1961, Picasso decided to move to Notre-Dame-de-Vie and the balmy climate of the Riviera back country. There he kept up his prodigious pace, filling one room after another with paintings, prints, drawings, ceramics, sculptures—and build-

ing on to the house when necessary. In the morning, he sometimes sketched in bed, and he delighted in going through the mail to see what outrageous request or oddity someone might have sent him. Like a good Spaniard, he lunched around 2 o'clock, then occasionally went for a walk in the garden with Jacqueline and their two Afghan hounds. After a siesta, there was tea, and when he was not expecting friends, Picasso read or worked until 2 or 3 in the morning. "Work is what commands my schedule," he told a friend. "Daylight is perfect to contact friends—which is always a must with an artist—and go out. In our modern times, we

can obtain excellent light at night—which we could never do with the yellowish shades of old lamps—and I also have silence." "Picasso always lived," said a friend, "for now—right now," which may explain why he left no will. That surprising fact probably guarantees legal battles concerning his enormous estate for years to come. To be sure, he had already disposed of some of his paintings while he was alive. In 1970 Picasso, who never lost his affection for his native Spain through his long years of self-imposed exile against the Franco regime, donated some 1,000 works from his early years to a new Picasso Museum set

personal collection of great painters to the Louvre. Picasso jokingly referred to the collection, which includes 800 to 1,000 works by Corot, Courbet, Cézanne, Braque, Matisse and others, as "bric-a-brac," but Prime Minister Pierre Messier quickly accepted the priceless gift on behalf of France.

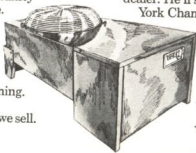
As for Picasso's Picassos, no one knows exactly how many there are, and cataloguing them may take years. The estimates of the number of his works squirreled away in his villas range from 12,000 to 25,000. That ought to be enough to enrich museums in both Spain and France—and the rest of the world as well.



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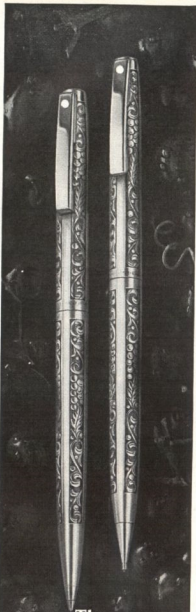
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THE THEATER

Noted, Noted, Noted

Briefest review of the season: Clive Alexander Barnes of the New York *Times* on the off-Broadway musical *Smile, Smile, Smile*. Wrote Barnes: "I didn't, I didn't, I didn't."

Transient Souls

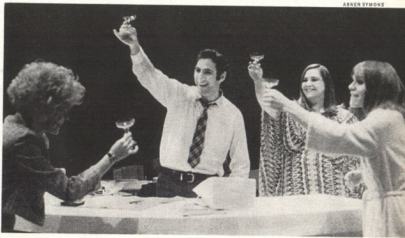
THE HOT L BALTIMORE
by LANFORD WILSON

The American eccentric is no stranger to the U.S. stage. One thinks of such plays as *The Time of Your Life*,

display their past falls from grace. In *The Time of Your Life*, Saroyan gave us one whore with a heart of gold, the luminous Kitty Duval. Wilson is no piker. He gives us three: Martha (Trish Hawkins), April (Conchata Ferrell) and Suzy (Stephanie Gordon). Martha is a lost, innocent child, April her caustic Eve Arden-type sidekick, and Suzy the dumb one. It testifies to the durability of the goodhearted-prostitute cliché that audiences can still buy it.

The other characters in the hotel lobby also have names, but they might as well have labels. There is the Lady in Genteel Decline. Instead of sherry,

ALLEN FROST



SCENE FROM "THE HOT L BALTIMORE"

Part rebel and part kook, sort of sacred nuts.

You Can't Take It with You and *Harvey*. The characters in those plays are part rebel and part kook, social dropouts, sort of sacred nuts. The tradition deepens in the works of playwrights like William Inge and Tennessee Williams. Their characters are not so much oddballs as odd souls who suffer psychic and sexual wounds. This is the world of the alienated self, the mutilated heart, the existential transient, moving a playgoer more nearly to tears than to laughter.

Langford Wilson, 37, clearly hopes to be a dramatist of this latter school, but at present he lacks the specific gravity for it. He is more akin to the Saroyan who wrote lines like "I don't suppose you ever fell in love with a midjet weighing 39 pounds?" He is also prey to Saroyan's easy sentimentality and that boozy euphoria that permits Saroyan's characters to bite on the nail of life and declare it to be a nougat.

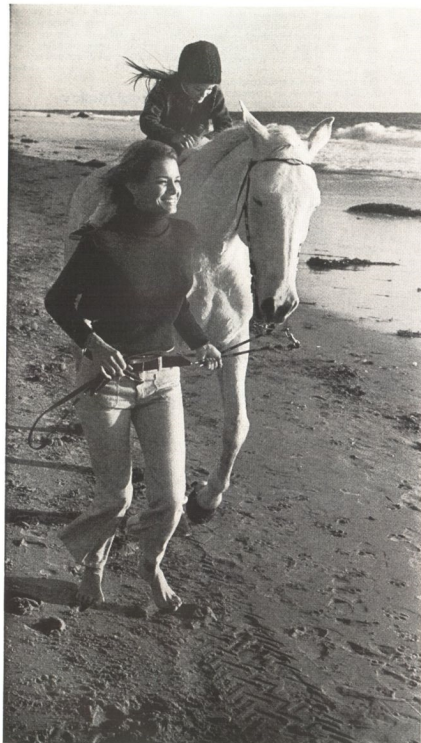
The inhabitants of *THE HOT L BALTIMORE* are transients, and so is their habitat. The E has dropped from the façade of the Hotel Baltimore, and the wreckers' ball awaits this seedy relic of past elegance. The lobby is a kind of limbo where the remaining tenants relate or

she sips memories of the days when the hotel was grand and the world young. There is the Crusty Old Geezer. He has lost most of his marbles, but is testily adamant about the rules of checkers. There is the Boy in Quest of Identity, who is trying to track down a missing grandfather. And good for more than a few laughs is the Health-Food Evangelist, played by Mari Gorman with the abrasive tongue and cocked shoulders of a Marine sergeant.

With virtually no plot line, these characters must carry the burden of Wilson's meaning, again more succinctly stated by Saroyan: "No foundation. All the way down the line." The same might be said for much of Wilson's play; it is most fascinating as a symptom. Why do U.S. playwrights and audiences regard derelicts as exotic romantics? Why should the dregs of society be regarded as the ultimate repositories of its wisdom? Why is a kinky personality presumed to be a rich one? And finally, how much of theatergoing has become a jaded form of slumming in which the middle-class playgoer gawks and laughs at perverse creatures whom he would studiously skirt on the streets?

■ T.E. Kalem

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A Boy's Best Friend?

**AN UNTOLD STORY:
THE ROOSEVELTS OF HYDE PARK**
by ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT and JAMES BROUGH
319 pages, Putnam, \$7.95.

As even the most casual reader of Rooseveltiana knows, Eleanor's life was full of woe. Her beloved father, a problem drinker, died young, and early death claimed her mother and brother as well. She grew up shy and lonely, self-conscious about her plain looks.

Marriage to Cousin Franklin seemed a lucky break, but Mother-in-Law Sara turned out to be a meddle-

has been such, Elliott says, that to the Roosevelt children the two emerge "as total strangers, not the father we loved and the mother we respected." Note the distinction: it is what passes for subtlety in Elliott Roosevelt's account.

In the service of ultimate truth, then, Elliott tells of a sometimes cold, sometimes wretched relationship between his parents. That she took no pleasure in sex we know from other sources, including Joseph P. Lash's first volume. Elliott treats this as a great revelation and reminds readers about it perhaps a dozen times in his small book, *Father*, on the other hand, matured into a lusty chap whose interest and prowess were

The other Roosevelt children have disassociated themselves from the book, and any reader must wonder about Elliott's inner motives. Could F.D.R. have been such a prince of a pa while Eleanor was so base a ma? Why does Elliott give so few pages to the period when Eleanor became an international figure? Perhaps Eleanor was wrong to put in the past tense her suggestion that Elliott "suffered for a great many years with a rather unhappy disposition." The explanation for this strange and dreadful book probably has as much to do with Elliott's psyche as with his mother's.

■ Laurence I. Barrett

The Real Malloy

O'HARA
by FINIS FARR
300 pages, Little, Brown, \$8.50.

In 1960, with a decade of hard work and good living still left to him, John O'Hara published *Sermons and Soda-Water*, a collection of three novellas written in the voice of James Malloy, the writer's most obvious fictional alter ego. Like O'Hara, Malloy was the son of a small-town doctor, had been a newspaper reporter, pressagent and screenwriter. Now he was introduced as a successful novelist devoting himself to "the last, simple but big task of putting it all down as well as I knew how." This book was, as Finis Farr notes, O'Hara's farewell to Malloy. As he does not note, the leave-taking was a mistake—not necessarily because O'Hara abandoned the character but because for the most part he had already ceased to see the world through Malloy's ironic, knowing and satiric eyes.

Thus O'Hara lost touch with his best self—the outsider, permitted far enough inside various closed, interesting worlds to observe them acutely but not so far in that he made any special commitments to their inhabitants. His first great success had been 1934's *Appointment in Samarra*, a savage little study of how a few careless social gestures could destroy a pillar of small-town, upper-middle-class WASP society. O'Hara knew that world well, but was not truly of it, being Irish and Catholic and the son of a man desperately insecure about his social footing. Later, when O'Hara turned to New York café society for the setting of *Butterfield 8*, he was also working with something he had known intimately in the course of his journalistic apprenticeship. Throughout his career, when he dealt with these worlds—or with Hollywood, where he also did time as a scriptwriter—his fiction rang not only with the good dialogue but rumbled with a ground base of moral disapproval as well. Farr notes that he never entirely succeeded in sloughing off the element of Catholic puritanism that had been bred in him as a child. Even as late as 1948, in *A Rage to Live*, O'Hara struck a rather stern tone. His subject



YOUNG ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT WITH HIS MOTHER IN ALBANY IN 1922
"Not the father we loved and the mother we respected."

some tyrant, and Franklin himself had a few flaws as a husband. To this list we can now add a posthumous problem for Eleanor: her son Elliott seems bent on committing the equivalent of literary matricide.

His *Untold Story* has attracted pre-publication attention because advance excerpts identified F.D.R.'s second girl friend as Missy LeHand, who eventually succeeded Lucy Mercer in that delicate position around 1922. As Elliott tells it, all five children knew about his father's relationship with Missy. They eventually took it for granted, over many years, as did members of the official White House family. Eleanor herself acquiesced to an amazing degree. She treated the younger woman as a daughter—to the point of buying her clothes when Missy was "too busy" with political chores.

The Missy affair occupies only a small part of the book, however, and is really beside Elliott's point. He undertook this reminiscence ostensibly because historians have so idealized Franklin and Eleanor. The cosmetic job

undiminished even by the aftereffects of polio. For the sake of skeptics, Elliott cites a medical report and even translates the Latin.

Eleanor had done her duty for the preservation of the line, had exiled Lucy Mercer and had even offered Franklin a divorce. Lonely, frustrated, hurt, in the 1920s she began undertaking assorted good works and political activity (the latter for F.D.R.'s benefit).

Self-sacrificing? Praiseworthy? Not as Son Elliott sees it. His mother was a poor housekeeper, he reports, and did not feed the children as well as Granny Sara did. Girl and woman, she was a dissembler. She let on that her father was simply a boozier, failing to mention that he also had a brain tumor. To ingratiate herself with the bigoted Sara, she feigned anti-Semitic notions. Much later, as a columnist, she had the nerve to "picture herself as a calm, contented woman," rather than as the "detached, harried, faultfinding wife and parent we knew." To Daughter Anna she was insensitive. Not only that, but Eleanor was poor company on a camping trip.

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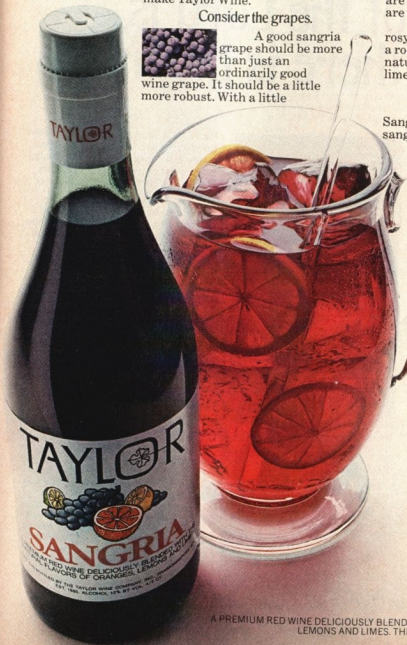


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BOOKS

—controversial at the time—was an upper-class woman named Grace Caldwell, who suffered from a lust that first shocks and surprises her, then comes to determine her conduct.

Shortly thereafter, in 1953, O'Hara nearly died after the hemorrhage of a gastric ulcer. Brushed by mortality, then almost crushed by it when his second wife died, he stopped drinking, and as he turned 50, settled down to one of the most determined, self-conscious and prolific assaults on posterity ever attempted by an American writer. The strategy was correct—most of the great social novelists have required many long volumes to explore the intricacies of how it all works. The results, alas, were second-rate.

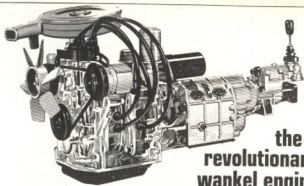
O'Hara apparently decided that a great writer ought to be an advocate



JOHN O'HARA IN 1943
Inside an Outsider.

as well as an observer. Grace Caldwell's husband Sidney, a perfect Ivy League gentleman, had not been able to handle either his wife or the rudely bustling world of 20th century American commerce, and in succeeding books, O'Hara tried mightily to convert the type into a tragic hero, victim of his age. Joe Chapin, the small-town lawyer whose dream of being President of the U.S. is thwarted by the vulgar pobs (*Ten North Frederick*), and Alfred Eaton (*From the Terrace*), are examples. In describing them O'Hara was writing not as the Malloy he had been but as the convert-defender of a faith that was never truly his.

He had envied the type's ease and style since childhood and continued in that envy when his father's death prevented him from realizing his first hope of heaven—a chance to go to Yale. Now, having written himself into something like their economic league, he joined their clubs, patronized their shops, styled his whole life on an absurd and possibly out-of-date model. In a letter to his stepson, quoted by Au-



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BOOKS

thor Farr, he wrote that these people "really made this country what it is at its best. With all their faults—and they were never vicious—they are the best Americans, and when they cease to exist as a class, so will the United States as a nation." He added the hope that his writing might help "the continuation, even if only for a minute in time, of this class."

Chronicling O'Hara's evolution to that sad point, Biographer Farr shows a lamentable tendency to accept O'Hara's own evaluation of his work uncritically, and to assume that he has done his job if he informs readers of how many printings a novel received. Still, this biography is valuable for the letters it reprints, the occasional observations of friends and family it records. The aging John O'Hara might have been well pleased by the book. Young Jimmy Malloy, though, would never have finished it.

■ Richard Schickel



MURIEL SPARK

"Help me! Help me!"

Ars Moriendi

THE HOTHOUSE BY THE EAST RIVER

by MURIEL SPARK

134 pages, Viking, \$5.95.

Muriel Spark has posed in a fetching peignoir with a sinister black cat draped over her shoulder. In her prose, too, she has mostly worn her rue with a deference to the reader's need to take his shots of cold mortality with a little sweet vermouth. Lately, however, the author has grown more flatly somber, shorter on style, wit and patience, like a lonely spinster who has become too preoccupied, too saddened by the world to go through the reassuring motions of genial small talk.

The Driver's Seat (1970) followed a girl who buys some outlandish clothes and heads south to find a man who will stab her to death. *Not to Disturb* (1972) thinly describes a programmed murder-suicide contrived by scheming servants in a microcosmic Geneva château that may be the modern world. Now, in a long-awaited book set in Manhattan, where Miss Spark lived in 1966-67, she plunks down a set of characters who are already dead.

Conveniently, they move around the Upper East Side in the decadent present, amply provided with cash, overheated apartments, mouthy analysts, slack children and enraged servants. But most of them have been killed by a buzz bomb in London in 1944, and they exist, haunted by old loves, fears and hates. Until we learn that they are ghosts, it is assumed that they are merely mad—especially Elsa. She is sure that a shoe salesman in a Madison Avenue shop is really an SS man named Kiel, long defunct, with whom she had a brief liaison during the war at a British intelligence installation. Elsa's shadow falls the wrong way—always a bad sign—and she practices the kind of unpredictable tyranny that only a weak, formerly beau-

tiful, unbalanced woman can. Elsa's husband Paul has an inner voice that keeps crying, "Help me! Help me!"

So does the reader. "Literature of sentiment and emotion," Muriel Spark recently predicted, "must go. It cheats us into a sense of involvement with life and society." In its place she then proposed an art of "satire and ridicule." *Hothouse*, presumably, is an example. But precisely because it is lifeless, few people will worry about whatever the book is trying to say. Various possibilities exist. Time past is time present. Late, rich middle age, especially in Manhattan, is a kind of death in life—sterile, futile, hopelessly preoccupied with the past, most depressingly so when earlier years have been marked by great drama or endeavor. But the book often reads like some sort of cabalistic fiction that only an adept could decipher.

Even Muriel Spark's set-piece satire is only sporadically rich enough to stir interest, most visibly at a production of Peter Pan staged by Elsa and Paul's homosexual son, in which all the parts are played by people over 60. "It's sick!" members of the audience shout. A collective American voice replies, "Sick is real! Sick is interesting!" Not all that interesting, though. It is far easier in fiction than in life to distinguish the quick from the dead. ■ Timothy Foote

Intermission

GREAT JONES STREET

by DON DE LILLO

265 pages, Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95.

Bucky Wunderlick, the all-purpose sensibility of post-'60s exhaustion, is a rock star sick of maintaining on fame. In Don de Lillo's latest novel, he leaves his band and retreats to a dismal converted loft to watch the roaches crawl over the unwashed dishes in the sink.

Bucky's girl friend Opal is in worse

shape. Poisoned by drugs and suffering from chronic time lag due to constant travel, she can barely distinguish herself from her luggage. Meanwhile, the schlock rock of the '70s goes on. (For a flesh-and-blood reference, see the recent issue of *Rolling Stone*, in which Drag Star Alice Cooper says: "The sicker all you kids get, the greater the shows we'll have for you.")

In a time of excess, "everything is marketable," says Bucky's neighbor, a hack writer who lives on canned tomato soup and salines. He is working on a new literary form: pornography for children. Globke, Bucky's anxious manager, is a winsome monster because he is totally aware of what he is. "I'm not new money, new culture, new consciousness," he says. "I emerge from a distinct tradition. Bad taste."

Author De Lillo would probably not be disappointed if Bucky Wunderlick is read as Jesus Christ Superstar in the urban wilderness. Bucky is last seen recovering from a language-erasing drug. It is suggested that he has been purified. But by nudging his hero toward the truly mythic, De Lillo overextends a book that is otherwise distinguished by a cool, clinical touch. As he demonstrated in two previous novels (*Americana* and the much overpraised *End Zone*), the author has a knack for chill atmosphere, satiric caricature and witty dialogue. He is also a good literary mechanic who knows how to assemble spare parts from older writers like Nathanael West, Paul Bowles and William Burroughs, and drive off with them.

■ R. Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (1 last week)
- 2—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (2)
- 3—*Once Is Not Enough*, Susann (5)
- 4—*The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, Godey (3)
- 5—*The Digger's Game*, Higgins (6)
- 6—*Elephants Can Remember*, Christie (10)
- 7—*The Sunlight Dialogues*, Gardner (4)
- 8—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn
- 9—*Gravity's Rainbow*, Pynchon
- 10—*The Matlock Paper*, Ludlum

NONFICTION

- 1—*Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, Atkins (1)
- 2—*The Implosion Conspiracy*, Nizer (2)
- 3—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (4)
- 4—*The Best and the Brightest*, Halberstam (3)
- 5—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (6)
- 6—*Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*, Lindbergh (9)
- 7—*Harry S. Truman*, Truman (7)
- 8—*Journey to Ixtlan*, Castaneda (8)
- 9—*All Creatures Great and Small*, Herriot (5)
- 10—*"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye," O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy*



Edward E. Carlson, President and Chief Executive Officer, United Air Lines, in the lobby, Continental Plaza Hotel, Chicago.

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Harlequin—1915



Nude on a Black Couch—1932

Sylvette David—1954



J.R. with Roses—1954



The Artist and His Model—1963

ART

such a summary could go on for pages.

Picasso's effect on the sociology of art was in no way less radical. That restless inventiveness provoked in collectors the expectations about stylistic "turnover" that, now built into the market, are such a strain on more single-minded talents. It is to Picasso that we owe, in no small way, the oppressive image of the artist as a superstud that only now is coming under attack. He has even had a degree of political effect: *Guernica*, the mural canvas he painted in protest against the fascist ruin of Spanish democracy, is certainly the most disseminated work of political art made in this century.

Picasso's wealth created a flamboyant archetype of success that has affected every creative life for the worse, though nobody expects to be as rich as Picasso. Not even the conspicuous earners of the past, like Rubens or Titian, made that kind of money. Thus out of the production of one year, 1969-70, he exhibited 167 oils and 45 drawings; in all, the gross market value of that fragment of his output was probably about \$15 million, and the value of Picasso's whole estate has been guessed at \$750 million or more. Although Picasso had long since parted with it, his *Nude Woman* of 1910 recently fetched a reported \$1.1 million from the National Gallery. That is believed to be the highest price yet paid for a Picasso and a clue to future price tags.

By 1940 Picasso was the most fa-

FIGURE, 1935



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

mous artist in the world; by 1970 he had become the most famous artist that ever lived, in the sense that more people had heard of him than ever heard the name, let alone saw the work, of Michelangelo and Cézanne while they were alive. The effect of this on him can only be guessed at. The engine an artist deploys against the world is necessarily himself, and within it are some delicate mechanisms that must be protected. In the work obsessions of his last years, he was possessively tended by the last of the seven major women in his life, Jacqueline Roque, 47, whom he married in 1961. The old man made his final dive into the pre-classical past, becoming more than ever the inaccessible Triton or satyr, *Homo Mediterraneus* padded in nymphs; that myth was his official interface with an insatiable and by now meaningless public, and the work went on behind it.

Now that Picasso is dead, his life achieves a fleeting equality with the massive profile of the work. Whatever the verdicts on Picasso's achievement may be (there could be no single judgment on his stupendous diversity), his life was epic. Who in our time has lived so fully and with such daemonic intensity? There are no candidates. "Painting," he once observed, "is stronger than me; it makes me do what it wants." There is no way to guess on whom, if anyone, Picasso's now homelessly dybbuk may next descend.

■ Robert Hughes

Pablo Picasso's Last Days and Final Journey

DEATH holds no fear for me," Picasso recently told a friend. "It has a kind of beauty. What I am afraid of is falling ill and not being able to work. That's lost time." Right up to the end, Picasso lost no time.

The day before he died had been a day like many others at Notre-Dame-de-Vie, his hilltop villa at Mougins on the French Riviera. Late in the afternoon the artist had taken a walk in the little park that surrounds his sprawling stone house overlooking the reddish foothills of the Maritime Alps. He liked now and then to gather flowers and vegetables in the garden, often taking them inside to draw. "That day I showed him the anemones and pansies, which he particularly liked," recalls Jacques Barra, Picasso's gardener.

Later that evening Picasso and his wife Jacqueline entertained friends for dinner. Picasso was in high spirits. "Drink to me; drink to my health," he urged, pouring wine into the glass of his Cannes lawyer and friend, Armand Antébi. "You know I can't drink any more." At 11:30 he rose from the table

and announced: "And now I must go back to work." In recent weeks, he had been working especially hard, preparing for a big show of his latest paintings at the Popes' Palace in Avignon in May. On this night, before he went to bed, he painted until 3 a.m.

On Sunday morning Picasso awoke at 11:30, his usual hour, but this time he could not rise from his bed. His wife Jacqueline rushed in and then called for help. At 11:40, before a doctor could get there, Pablo Picasso was dead. Dr. Georges Rance, who arrived shortly afterward, attributed his death to a heart attack brought on by pulmonary edema, fluid in the lungs.

At daybreak on Tuesday, as an unseasonable snowfall blanketed the south of France, a small cortege left Mougins and carried Picasso's body to his 14th century château at Vauvenargues in the bleak Provençal countryside. Accompanying the body were Picasso's widow; her daughter by her first marriage, Catherine Hutin; and Paulo, 52, Picasso's son by his first marriage to the Russian dancer Olga Koklova. After the

110-mile journey, the mahogany casket, without ceremony, was placed in the château chapel to await the building of a mausoleum.

But the shroud of estrangement from three of his grown children that had clouded Picasso's last years also marred his death. For reasons never entirely clear, Maya, Picasso's daughter by his longtime mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, and Claude and Paloma, his children by Françoise Gilot, had been prevented from seeing their father in recent years. Last week the same sad situation prevailed. Indeed, this time police were on hand to turn away Marie-Thérèse and other old friends who came to pay their respects.

Later that day, Maya, Claude and Paloma drove to Vauvenargues and placed a large wreath of vivid flowers in the cemetery overlooking the château. "That was as close to our father as we could get," Maya said. "It's sad. The whole situation is very delicate." The next day, Paulo's son Paulo, 24, of nearby Golfe-Juan, was reported in serious condition after drinking a bottle of chloric acid. According to his mother (who has long been separated from Paulo), Pablo had been despondent about being kept from seeing his grandfather. Others said he had also

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THE SEXES

Sex Mit Herz

Arabella House, near the West German city of Kaiserslautern, is a well-kept building with 72 single-room-and-bath apartments and such amenities as tennis courts, bowling alleys, beer cellar, nightclub, sauna, solarium—and a fully equipped room for sado-masochists. Arabella is what its operator, Kurt Kohls of Ulm, likes to call an "Eros center" and what almost everyone else would call a brothel. Kohls already runs four such centers in West Germany and Austria, and hopes to open other Arabellas in Luxembourg, Holland, Hungary, Yugoslavia and East Berlin.

Promoter Kohls sees himself as a benefactor to all mankind. He says that he has raised houses of prostitution to a "socially more human level," and that his hostesses or, as he describes them,

The girls and their customers are not the only ones involved in Kohls' scheme. There are also the 300 investors from Germany (and from five other European countries) who have so far put \$9.2 million into the Annabella venture for a guaranteed annual return of 9%. To recruit additional investors, Kohls distributes a prospectus decorated with red hearts and inscribed: "The oldest profession in the world is also the solidest." Among those who agree: a middle-aged Munich vegetable vendor who sold her stand and put the proceeds into Kohls' centers with the explanation that "I worked hard all my life. Let others work for me now."

Women Against Rape

Psychologically, rape is the most traumatic of crimes against women, and for many victims, the police investigation that follows is even more shattering. Unwilling to tolerate the situation, women in some 20 cities across the country have recently organized rape squads or rape crisis centers. Their aims: to prevent the crime and to ease the emotional hurt of its victims.

In most cases, the anti-rape groups are an outgrowth of the Women's Liberation movement and include many women who have themselves been raped. To get their message to other women, they advertise in the underground press or list themselves in the telephone book with an easy-to-remember number. In Boston, women can dial 492-RAPE any time during the day or night to get help. In Washington, D.C. (dial 333-RAPE), lines are open from 7:30 a.m. to midnight. Most of the rape squads follow similar procedures. At the Washington center, the volunteers first determine if the rape victim wants to go to the police. There is no pressure to report the crime; the caller is simply briefed on what to expect during

police interrogations and during physical examinations at hospitals or by private doctors. If she decides to go to the police, the center will send a sympathetic volunteer with her to give emotional support and to deter male officers from taking a voyeuristic interest in details or implying that the victim provoked the crime. Explains one Baltimore feminist: "The woman who files a complaint is sometimes herself treated as a criminal."

As part of their prevention efforts, some squads have adopted near-vigilante tactics. In East Lansing, Mich., mem-

bers of the rape crisis center are said to have scrawled "rapist" on a suspect's car, spray-painted the word in red across a front porch, and made late-night warning telephone calls. In Los Angeles, the squad has adopted a counter-harassing strategy: when a woman called to complain that a neighbor followed her whenever she went out, squad members followed the follower for three days. That was enough to make him change his ways.

Other rape squads use more conventional preventive measures. The Women's Coalition for Rape Prevention in Madison, Wis., has set up a "women's transit authority" to provide, for a 25¢ donation, late-night transportation for lone women. Most groups run educational campaigns advising women about ways of discouraging attack. The Los Angeles squad, noting that karate takes years to master, advocates screaming as a possible alternative. Sandy Pinches of the East Lansing center wholeheartedly advocates force: "A karate chop to the Adam's apple can kill a guy. Or you can stomp down with your heels on his shins—rip out his skin there or smash his instep." In Washington, the center recommends carrying spray oven cleaners, plastic lemons for squirting juice or ammonia, lighted cigarettes ("smash out in eye"), or cork-screws ("jab quickly and directly, then twist").

Message. Many squads are hostile to the police and avoid them entirely; others try to make policemen understand how women feel about rape. Explains a Washington center spokeswoman: "We want the police sex squad to appoint more women officers so that a woman is always available in rape cases." That message is apparently getting across. The District's 27-member squad now includes five women and will soon have ten.

A few other police departments have also taken some remedial measures of their own. The Atlanta police department recently named Joyce Miller as its first woman officer to the homicide division; her first responsibility is to handle rape cases. But the greatest progress has been made in New York City. There, the police department has established a special rape squad within the detective bureau. Headed by Lieut. Julia Tucker, the squad is staffed with seven other women, and is responsible for providing emotional support for rape victims. It is also charged with educating the male policemen who still do much of the work in rape cases. To this end, Lieut. Tucker has organized psychologist-led seminars for both male and female officers. These days, she says, New York police who interview rape victims are now selected with an eye to their emotional sensitivity. But, acknowledges the detective bureau's Deputy Inspector Terrence McKeon, "You have to be a woman to understand the shock a rape victim has experienced."



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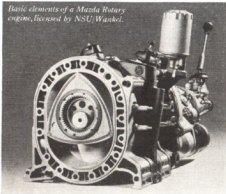
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.